

THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XXX.

APRIL 1878.

VOL. III.

CLUNY MACPHERSON AT CLUNY CASTLE.

HIGH up in Badenoch, nine miles from Kingussie, on a slight eminence on the right of the road leading to Fort-William, stands Cluny Castle, the residence of Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, Chief of Clan Chattan. It is a plain but substantial building, commanding a magnificent prospect. The situation and its surroundings are just such as a great Highland Chief would be expected to choose for his home—retired, yet, for the district, central; the country subdued, open, and fertile in the immediate vicinity; but in the distance, on all sides, bold, majestic, grand, the Grampian range and the Cairngorms standing out in their magnificent “snow-capped towers,” and forming a prominent and awe-inspiring scene. The furnishings—warlike instruments, illustrative of the past: targets, battle-axes, claymores, swords, dirks, guns, pistols, old armour, banners, stag and rams’ heads, wild cats, swans, foreign heads and birds, and numberless other trophies of the battle and the chase—old relics and curiosities—evidence the taste of its occupant and the warlike predilections of the old cavalier race from which he sprang. The old Chief himself—a well-knit, erect, sturdy Highlander, about the middle height, dressed in full Highland costume—salutes you in the Gaelic vernacular of his ancestors, which he speaks with purity and ease. He begins to show signs of advancing years, but still looking twenty years younger than he really is. The natural affability and courteous ease of manner characteristic of him, in spite of an unconscious air of dignity of countenance and of motion, at once puts his visitor at perfect ease, who soon finds himself discoursing on old Highland feuds and clan battles which naturally lead up to the doings and history of the Risings of the Fifteen and the Forty-five, in which his ancestors had taken such a prominent but unfortunate part.

The present Chief, Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, is one of the few genuine remaining links that connect the “good old days” of the patriarchal chiefs, who cherished and were proud of their people, and the

present, when generally the lairds look upon the ancient inhabitants of the soil much the same way as a cattle-dealer looks upon his herd—to make the most of them. The House of Cluny has a history and a genuine respect among the Highlanders of which he may well be, and is, justly proud; for the family have always taken a distinguished share in everything calculated to advance the interests of the country. The origin of the House of Macpherson is lost in dim antiquity. By the genealogy known as the “MS. of 1450”—the oldest Gaelic genealogy in existence—we find that Cluny is descended from “Muirich, or Murdoch, son of Swen, son of Heth, son of Nachtan, son of Gillichattan, from whom came the Clan Chattan.”

There has been a long and warm controversay between the Chiefs of Mackintosh and the Chiefs of Macpherson, and others interested in them, regarding the chiefship of the great Clan Chattan, with the result that it is allowed by all disinterested parties that Cluny is undoubtedly the chief and male heir of that powerful and numerous Clan, while the Mackintoshes were for centuries its actual leaders or “Captains,” in virtue of the marriage of Angus Mackintosh, sixth chief of that Ilk, with Eva, daughter and only child of Dugall Dall, the undoubted and acknowledged Chief of Clan Chattan in his day. There are various instances in Highland history where the husband of the heiress of the chief became the leader or “Captain” of the clan, but we are not acquainted with a single instance where the chiefship descended through a female.

Murdoch above-named, from whom the Macphersons derive the patronimic of MacMhuirich, became chief in 1153. On the death of Dugall Dall the representation of the family devolved upon his cousin and male heir, Kenneth, eldest son of Ewen Ban, Murdoch's second son. Kenneth's son, Duncan Macpherson of Cluny, fought with Bruce, at the head of his Clan, at the battle of Bannockburn. He was granted a commission to expel the Comyns from Badenoch, and on their forfeiture, as a reward for his services, obtained a grant of their lands in the district, and was allowed to add a hand holding a dagger to his armorial bearings. Duncan's grandson, Donald Mòr, was chief in 1386, when a battle was fought at Invernahavon between the Clan Chattan and the Camerons, on which occasion a dispute arose as to the precedence of the respective chiefs of the principal families of Macpherson and Davidson, Cluny and his followers claiming the right wing, as the eldest branch. Mackintosh in an evil hour decided in favour of the Davidsons, when Cluny and all the Macphersons, highly indignant, withdrew from the field. The Clan Chattan was defeated, many of the Mackintoshes and nearly all the Davidsons having been killed in the conflict. Cluny, seeing this, though greatly offended, forgot his wounded pride and next day attacked the Camerons, completely routed them, and slew a great many of their number, including their commander; and it is generally believed that this quarrel was the original cause of the celebrated combat between the two Clans on the Inch of Perth so graphically described by Sir Walter Scott in the “Fair Maid of Perth.”

The Macphersons adhered to the unfortunate Queen Mary throughout her disastrous reign; supported Charles I., and suffered much for their attachment to him; and, ever after, they continued, true as the dial to

the sun, unwavering and staunch Royalists, always supporting the Stuarts in whose interest Cluny took a prominent part in the '15.

In 1722 the chieftainship devolved on Lachlan Macpherson of Nuide, whose eldest son, Ewen, was chief and became celebrated as a follower of Prince Charlie in 1745. In that year he was appointed to a company in Lord Loudon's Highlanders, on the side of the Government, and had taken the oaths; but on the arrival of Prince Charles, Cluny threw up his commission, and with six hundred Macphersons joined the Prince after his victory at Prestonpans. In the retreat from Derby the Clan greatly distinguished themselves, especially by their indomitable gallantry in the skirmish with the Government troops at Clifton. Lord George Murray commanded on the occasion, with Cluny at his side, at the head of the Macphersons, and when, receiving the fire of the Dragoons full in the face, and the balls whizzing about their ears, Cluny exclaimed, "What the devil is this?" at the same moment crying out "Claymore," and rushing, sword in hand, down to the bottom ditch of the enclosure, leading his men, and clearing the hedges as they went, they fell upon the King's troops, killing many of them and compelling the rest to fly for their lives. The Macphersons, commanded by their brave chief, formed part of the first line at the battle of Falkirk, but they arrived too late for the battle of Culloden—just after the Prince had fled from the field.

During the subsequent devastations and cruelties committed by the King's troops, Cluny Castle was burnt to the ground, when the other members of the family had to take shelter in a kiln in the neighbourhood.

For some time after this Cluny lived in hiding with Lochiel, in a retreat at Benalder, on his own property, near Rannoch. Wishing to see the Prince, he some time after this set out for Achnacarry, where he supposed him to be, and afterwards returned to Benalder, where he found His Royal Highness in a miserable hovel with Lochiel. On entering the hut Cluny was in the act of kneeling, when the Prince graciously prevented him, and kissed him, saying, "I am sorry, Cluny, you and your regiment were not at Culloden; I did not hear till very lately that you were so near us that day." They spent two nights together, and Cluny afterwards took the Prince to a more secure hiding-place, known as the Cage, which he had suitably fitted up for him, and where he remained concealed for several weeks, until the French frigate arrived, in which he ultimately made his escape to France.

The Government were so determined to capture Cluny, that they offered a reward of one thousand guineas and a company in one of the regiments of the line to any one who would bring him in, dead or alive; but the same faithful and loyal spirit which induced the Highlanders not to betray their Prince for thirty thousand pounds protected Cluny among his own followers, in spite of every attempt made to capture him. Every effort was made, and all imaginable means used for seven years, to discover his whereabouts, but all without avail. The Government now determined upon a final effort, and commissioned Sir Hector Munro, specially qualified for such a post, as he afterwards fully proved by his many desperate but fruitless efforts for two years to capture the fugitive. Munro was himself a Highlander, and knew the language of the people. He placed a detachment in almost every hamlet in the parishes of Laggan and Kingussie, and was

often, by various stratagems and sudden surprises, within an ace of being successful. Cluny's abilities, however, and the devoted attachment of his Clan, defied the whole power of Government and Sir Hector Munro. No sooner was an order issued, or any movement made by the troops, than intimation was made to the fugitive. He had many hairbreadth escapes, in which he exhibited resource and boldness of no mean order. Though every gentleman in the country knew his various haunts, and that he was occasionally the guest of his tenants, he never allowed more than one family at a time to know his place of concealment; and if by accident he was observed by any person, he at once removed to another. There were only four persons who knew where he could be found on all occasions, of whom one, James Macpherson, was his piper. These four always kept him supplied with food and other necessities, and it was to one or other of them that any of his friends, even his wife, had to apply when they had anything in particular to communicate or send to him.

The following incident illustrates his great coolness and presence of mind in extreme danger:—After the burning of the castle, the family resided in a small cottage. On one occasion the Chief was on a visit, when the house was suddenly surrounded by the Government troops, commanded by Munro, who received such correct information, and managed the surprise on this occasion with such secrecy, that there was scarcely any possibility of escape. But Cluny's presence of mind stood him well, and saved him in this perilous emergency. Though he found himself on the brink of destruction, and about to fall into the clutches of his persecutors, in whose hands a certain and ignominious death awaited him, he maintained his coolness—deliberately stepped into the kitchen, and instantly changed clothes with one of his own men servants, walked outside to meet the officer in command as he marched up to the door, and, without the slightest hesitation or apparent concern, held the stirrup while the officer dismounted, walked the horse about while he searched the house, and on his return again held the stirrup while Munro mounted. The officer asked him if he knew where Cluny was? and received for answer, "I do not; and if I did I would not tell *you*." "Indeed, I believe you would not," returned the other. "You are a good fellow; here's a shilling for you."

Another noteworthy instance, out of many marvellous such, deserves to be told:—On one occasion as the soldiers were returning home from a fruitless search for Cluny, they met a young lad carrying what turned out on investigation to be a savoury dinner of venison; and correctly surmising that the dish was intended for the fugitive chief, they threatened the boy with instant death if he did not at once conduct them to his hiding-place. The boy led them over the hills for several miles, and their rigour towards him having somewhat abated by the exertion, following him in a rough, long, and dreary mountain walk, he began to gather a little more courage, and asked several curious questions regarding their arms and accoutrements, especially expressing great wonder at the weapon carried by the drummer. In broken English he asked him what kind of animal he carried inside such a large cage. In reply the drummer beat a tattoo, which, to all appearance, greatly delighted the Highlander; so much so, that he offered the drummer the dinner he was still carrying if he would

allow him to handle the wonderful instrument. The drummer, quite innocent of the *ruse*, slipped the belts round the boy's neck, who no sooner got possession of it, than he seized the drumsticks, and applied them with such vigour and effect, that the hills, far and near, echoed with the sound. They were soon almost in the immediate vicinity of the cave in which Cluny was in concealment. He heard the sound of the drum, as his faithful clansman had anticipated, thought the troops were close upon him, and hurriedly made his escape. The soldiers, led by the lad, were soon at the mouth of the cave, only to find it empty. They were naturally much chagrined and disappointed after such a long and difficult journey; but no suspicion fell on the boy, for in his innocent appearance there was nothing to suggest the clever device by which he had saved his master.

During the summer months he chose caves and hiding-places far up in the mountains, while in the winter he occupied artificial caves nearer home, one of which was made under the floor of a clansman's house at Ralia; another at Biallidmore, under the floor of a sheep-cot, belonging to a special confidant; but it was at Nessintully he found the greatest comfort, quietness, and security, until this place of concealment was accidentally discovered by a worthless fellow, who divulged the secret, after which the unfortunate chief never again occupied it. This cave was constructed in a most unlikely place, in the wood, by James Dubh Leslie and his brother Peter, working at it only during the night; carefully carrying the soil in sacks, and depositing it at a considerable distance in the river Spey. The inside was lined with boards, the roof covered with tanned cow-hides, over which was placed a thin layer of gravel, covered over on the level surface with green sods. Inside was placed a comfortable bed, a table, two chairs, and a small press or cupboard, while a pane of glass was placed in an out-of-the-way corner to admit the light—the whole so ingeniously constructed as to make discovery almost impossible. It was in this manner that the famous Cluny of the Forty-five spent the last ten years of his eventful life. In 1755 he effected his escape to France, and died at Dunkirk in the following year.

Duncan, his son and successor, was born in 1750, in the kiln already mentioned, in which his mother, a daughter of Simon Lord Lovat, found shelter after the destruction of the castle. Being only six years of age when his father died, his uncle, Major Macpherson of the 78th Highlanders, acted as his guardian during his minority.

In 1793 he received back the forfeited estates; entered the army; afterwards became Lieutenant-Colonel of the 3d Foot Guards; and, on the 12th of June 1796, married Catherine, youngest daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassifern, Baronet. On the 1st of August 1817, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Ewen Macpherson, the present Chief of Clan Chattan—twenty-third chief from MacGillichattain Mòr—who has now occupied that honourable position for the long period of sixty-one years. He was born on the 24th April 1804, and is therefore in the 74th year of his age, but still active and vigorous, looking, in his Highland dress, the very picture and embodiment of the really genuine and warm-hearted Highland Chief and gentleman he is universally admitted to be. He is well up in the history of his family, full of Highland traditions

and folklore, and delights his visitor by relating such reminiscences as are here presented to the reader. For several years he served in the 42d Highlanders—the Black Watch—of which his eldest son and heir, Duncan Macpherson, younger of Cluny, is the present Colonel; also in the First Royal Scots. He is Lieutenant-Colonel of the Inverness-shire Highland Rifle Volunteers, Deputy-Lieutenant and Magistrate of the County, Permanent Steward of the Northern Meetings, Governor of the Caledonian Bank, Director of the Highland Railway; and he takes a lively and intelligent interest in all questions affecting the Highlands—agriculture, and in the breeding of pure Highland cattle and blackfaced sheep, for both of which he obtained prizes at the Highland Society's Shows. In appreciation of his interest in everything Celtic, his kindness to his tenants, his encouragement of the Gaelic language in the wide district over which his influence extends, the Gaelic Society of Inverness in 1871 elected him their first Chief, and re-elected him for a second year. He more than once presided at their annual festivals, and is a life member of the Society. The town of Inverness in 1874 presented him with the freedom of the burgh, as a distinguished Highland Chief, one of the best landlords in the Highlands, and a good neighbour; while, at the same time, a similar honour was conferred on his gallant son, on his return from Ashantee, for his distinguished bravery while serving as senior Major, and in actual command of the famous Black Watch at the battle of Amoaful, where he was severely wounded. Cluny is a Presbyterian in religion, takes a deep interest in the Free Church, of which he is a member, and uses his influence in the School Boards of his district in favour of teaching Gaelic in the schools. He is, in short, a model chief, of whom, unfortunately, few are now to be found in the Highlands.

He, as befits the Chief of Clan Chattan, keeps up many of the ancient customs of the Highlands, encourages all the manly sports—shinty and shooting matches, tossing the caber, putting the stone—music (especially bagpipe music), and Highland dancing; and never sits at table without having his piper, according to the good old custom, playing on the great Highland bagpipes, and every morning the inmates are aroused by the piper marching round the Castle from seven to eight playing "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wakin' yet?" an appropriate tune, in more ways than one; for it was within two miles of Cluny Castle that Sir John Cope commenced his famous retreat in 1745. Cluny naturally delights and takes great pride in his large and unique collection of ancient relics and curiosities, many of which have an interesting connection and many touching associations with the warlike annals of his race; while others—trophies of the forest and the chase—indicate the sporting proclivities which were in the past associated with the warlike and cavalier spirit of the gentlemen of Clan Chattan. Here is the target made of wood in France for Prince Charlie, and worn by him at the battle of Culloden, covered with leather, studded with silver ornaments, and richly chased. It is surrounded in the hall by seven basket-hilted swords used by the Frasers in 1745. *There* is the shirt frill of lace left by the Prince at Fassifern the morning after raising his standard at Glenfinnan. Yonder are shirt studs and silver mountings. Here is the old MS. in the charter chest with Prince Charlie's autograph; and yonder, carefully treasured, are, perhaps the most interesting of all,

the Prince's autograph letter to Cluny, dated 18th September 1746, and the bronze plate for engraving notes, or paper money, which were never issued, found by a shepherd a few years ago at the west end of Loch Laggan, where it was lost by one of the Prince's followers while on their way to the cave at Loch Ericht.

The following is Prince Charlie's autograph letter :—" Macpherson of Cluny,—As we are sensible of your and Clan's fidelity and integrity to us during our adventures in Scotland and England in the years 1745 and 1746 in recovering our just rights from the Elector of Hanover, by which you have sustained very great losses, both in your interest and person, I therefore promise, when it shall please God to put it in my power, to make a grateful return suitable to your sufferings."

(Signed) CHARLES, P. R.

Is it to be wondered at, looking at these and the many other relics of the same description, and connected as they are with the same unfortunate period of our country's history, that the highly interesting historical incidents connected with the Fifteen and the Forty-five, to which reference has been already made, should have become the subject of mixed reflections and conversation !

The "Black Chanter" of Clan-Chattan—which has a peculiar interest for the family, and is highly prized by its possessor—is exhibited and handled with great care, for the prosperity of the House of Cluny is supposed to depend upon its possession. Of the many peculiar traditions related regarding it, one is—that its original fell from heaven during the famous Clan battle between the Macphersons and the Davidsons on the Inch of Perth ; and that, being made of crystal, it was broken by the fall, when this one was made in *fac simile*. Another tradition has it, that this is the genuine original, and that the cracks in it were occasioned by its violent contact with the ground. The belief that it brings prosperity to the family, so long as it remains in their possession, was considerably strengthened by the fact that it was carried away in the eighteenth century—which might be called the black century for the House of Cluny—by the Laird of Grant, but was many years afterwards restored to its original possessors by one of his descendants. James Logan says regarding the "Feadan Dubh," that on a certain occasion when the Clan Grant were sorely disheartened, in consequence of the defeat of a body of them by three of the brave Macdonalds of Glencoe, "to re-animate them the chief sent to Cluny for the loan of the Feadan Dubh, the notes of which could infallibly rouse every latent spark of valour. Cluny is said to have lent it without hesitation, saying his men stood in no need of it. How long it remained with them at this time does not appear ; but after it had been restored, the Grants again received it, and it remained with them until 1822, when Grant of Glenmorriston presented it to Ewen Macpherson, Esq. of Cluny, the present worthy chief. . . . The Macphersons assuredly, whether in consequence of the fortunate talisman or their own bravery, have never been in a battle which was lost, at least where their chief was present. Before the battle of Culloden, an old witch, or second seer, told the Duke of Cumberland that if he waited until the bratach uaine, or green banner, came up, he would be defeated." Among the various specimens of ancient weapons in the castle there are no less

than twenty-four very fine claymores, and several swords, among which are not a few Ferraras. Here is the "Charmed Sword," worn by the present Colonel of the Black Watch during the Indian Mutiny, so-called from the tradition that no one using it was ever killed in an engagement. *There* are two, taken respectively by Cluny and an ancestor of Macpherson of Biallid, from their adversaries at Penrith; and yonder is a weapon not much less interesting—the claymore worn by the present chief himself while serving in the Black Watch, the 42d Royal Highlanders. Here, carefully treasured, is a piece of the colours of the same celebrated regiment carried at Waterloo; of another, carried in the Crimea and in the Indian Mutiny; as also a piece of the colours of the 93d Sutherland Highlanders—of which Cluny's second son, Ewen, is Major—carried at Balacava. Here is the brass candlestick used by Cluny of the Forty-five, and carried about by him to his various places of concealment; also, the snuff-mull, bound with an iron hoop, made and fixed on by himself—his constant companion during those eventful years. These, with numberless other relics of the past—trophies of the chase at home and in foreign lands—the position of the Castle and its natural surroundings, impress the visitor with the complete propriety of the place and its contents as a suitable and appropriate home for the courteous, spirited, and genuine Highlander, and, withal, proud chief who lives in it—whose greatest delight in his old age is to glance at, and ruminate on the eventful history of the past through his warlike and sporting surroundings; at the same time priding himself not a little, and not without good cause, upon his proved loyalty to his sovereign Queen Victoria, having personally served her in the line and the reserve, and furnished her army with three gallant sons—a colonel, a major, and a captain—than whom there are no braver in Her Majesty's Service.

A. M.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Simon Mackenzie, Penola, Australia—Copy of notice of the "Ministear Laidir," from Statistical Account, received with thanks; but we had a Memoir prepared, in which the particulars are given at greater length, which will appear in our next; also, "Notes on Celtic Philology," by Hector Maclean, Islay; and the first of a series of papers on "Ian MacCodrum," the Hebridean Bard.

THE HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.—We may answer several enquirers at once by saying that it is our intention to publish the "History of the Clan Mackenzie" with several important additions, and valuable original documents, in book form, if a sufficient number of subscribers are forthcoming to insure us against loss. It will form a bulky volume of at least from 400 to 500 pages. demy octavo.

PRESENT CLAIMS ON GAELIC-SPEAKING HIGHLANDERS.*

BY CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, F.S.A.S., M.P.

INSTITUTIONS like that of the Gaelic Society of London have two main and leading objects—the one, to preserve all that is interesting in the past, and the other to foster and develop vitality in the present.

We have had, as a rule, hitherto a great deal of the first, and until lately, but little of the second, though I cannot but think it is the more immediately important. Therefore I have selected it as the subject of the present paper.

Now (1st), what is our position at present as Gaelic-speaking Highlanders, and (2d) what are we called upon to do?

Upon these two points I now offer some observations. First, springing from a limited locality as the source, we find our race scattered not only over Great Britain, its Colonies and Dependencies, but also, in a lesser degree, found in all parts of the civilized world. We are of course Scotsmen, and this is a great bond of union; but we are something more, we are Highlanders, with distinctive dress and language. In these respects, while differing from other Scotsmen, and thinking it right to preserve these distinctions, we, at the same time, do not arrogate to ourselves such an exclusive or superior position as could be held offensive to our brother Scots. But are we allowed unquestioned to take up this proper and legitimate position, and assert our distinction? Not so. Anything of the kind is sometimes resented, more frequently scouted and ridiculed, and this not always by Saxon or stranger, but, alas! by some dwelling in the very Highlands, and not without influence there.

The old feeling of the Lowlander against the Highlander is far from being extinct. No stronger illustration of this could be found than the article which not long ago appeared in that respectable publication, *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, and said to be written by the chief proprietor. Some of those I address may have seen the article, and like myself been pained by its narrow, irritating, and mischievous aim and character. This, then, is our position at present. We find our race scattered all over the world, with a bond of union distinct and exclusive, hallowed to us by all the recollections of a glorious past. This it would be traitorous to resign or forget, even if we inclined or desired so to do, which God forbid.

At the same time, we find that the moment we assert our distinctiveness we are opposed—the most favourable feeling entertained, probably

* Delivered before the Gaelic Society of London on the 13th of March 1878.

being that of a kind of good-natured, but contemptuous indifference. I think it will be generally admitted that what I have said is a correct representation of the present position of Gaelic-speaking Highlanders, and it sufficiently exhausts the first part of the subject as I purpose treating it.

Second, What are we called upon to do? This point may be considered under two heads, the first sentimental, the second practical. Under the first, How many races and nations exist on the globe? Many of these have great advantages of climate, of historic renown, and otherwise. Would any of us, had we our free choice, have selected being born other than we have been—Highlanders? I should say No. Cradled it may have been midst the rude tempests and blasts that scourge our Western Isles, or midst the biting cold of the mountain sides, nursed, it may be, in poverty; yet would we not exchange our birth land for the fairest portion of God's earth. Our position then, in these circumstances, is never to lose sight of, nor forget that we are Highlanders. Let it be no wearing on the sleeve, as the saying is, to be thrown off when convenient or expedient. No, it must be the leading, guiding, animating spirit of our whole life, only to be relinquished with our last breath. By so doing we give tone to our life, stamp our individuality, and vindicate the undyingness of our race. Further, this will sweeten our enjoyments, cheer and console us under discouragements and difficulties.

But let us come to the main part of this paper, and which I purpose treating of more fully, viz., the practical part of the question, What are we to do? What ought we, what are we bound to do? 1st, I should like to say one word as to dress. This, in my view, is of some consequence. We ought to encourage the wearing of the dress as much as possible, in especial among the young—not as is frequently the case, with too much ornament, but in a simple, becoming manner. It is well known that to him accustomed to it, the Highland dress gives an ease and dignity not found attaching to any other garb. 2d, Every Gaelic-speaking Highlander should belong to a Highland Association in his neighbourhood, and if none exist he should set himself, should there be but two or three within reasonable distance, to form such an Association. The objects of these Associations should be principally to preserve everything to themselves historically interesting, connected with their respective localities, and to promote, at the same time, present interests. In the next place, to federate and affiliate themselves with larger and more important Societies in the great centres of population. Nothing can be more pleasant to the true Highlander than to hear of, and read the accounts of the annual and other meetings held by numerous Associations and Societies of Highlanders in Scotland and elsewhere, all breathing the same spirit of that nationality, union, and clanship which we love to cherish. But these ought also to have higher and more practical and present ends and aims. If I may so describe my meaning there must be federation in order to united action, and the assertion, vindication, and bringing to bear of Highland sentiment and demand upon questions and exigencies of the day. We have several important questions to deal with, such as the present state, and desired amelioration of the Highland crofter, the necessity of emigration in some cases, its disadvantage in others. I might also point to the desirability of having a new, uniform, and cheap

re-publication, competently edited, of every Gaelic work hitherto printed, in order to be within reach of all, and to place our literature in a position of prominence and easy reference. All these are objects which will demand, not only the time and thought of local Societies, but also the combined efforts of federation, before they can be successfully attained and worked out. Of old, the appointment of chiefs and leaders was elective, and it is quite in consonance with these ancient views, that now the elective principle should with us be so largely in operation, and chiefs and chieftains be elected from time to time to preside over our Associations. 3d, Local Associations should do everything in their power to assist poorer brethren. In some cases, for instance those of the old and destitute, help may well take a pecuniary form ; in others, kindly counsel and warning will prove highly advantageous ; and as regards the young, assistance and united effort in procuring them a start in life, may be found invaluable, and the ladder to ultimate fame and success.

Again, we have the most clamant call to place our language on a sound and secure basis. We do not grudge to the English language that predominance which it has and deserves, but our knowledge of Gaelic does not in the least unfit, but rather assists us in appreciating the full benefits of the dominant language.

As regards Gaelic in its higher educational aspect, we now have every prospect that the Celtic Chair will be established, and with a fair endowment. The sum subscribed is highly satisfactory—thanks to the vigorous and sustained efforts of Professor Blackie and other patriotic men. But the value of money, we know, is diminishing, and, to do the Chair justice, the Professor ought to have one or two assistants. I should say that an income of £1000 a year is the minimum which should be kept in view in name of annual endowment. Possibly Government might give a grant in supplement of the present funds, but if this were done, a voice in the appointments would be asked, and it would in many respects be preferable that we were free from Government patronage. Many have subscribed liberally at home and abroad ; still a great number have not, and I do not see why every person speaking the Gaelic language all over the world should not subscribe, even although in many cases it were but a shilling. Societies like yours should find out in your several localities who have not subscribed, and by means of canvassers and visitors, leave not a single Gaelic-speaking person without being directly appealed to ; and you should not rest satisfied until the Celtic Chair, as regards funds, is found placed on a sure and permanent footing. Next, I would advert to the necessity of all magazines, newspapers, and publications devoted to the Gaelic language and to Highland interests being vigorously supported by Associations and Societies, corporately and individually. These publications have a deal to contend with, and by being to some extent devoted to the interests of a limited number, they have not therefore general support. The greater reason, however, that Highlanders should make it a point, not only of supporting them by subscription, but also of relieving them of some expense by contributing such information as they may be possessed of, and which would be interesting to their countrymen.

I come now to the last part of my subject, and certainly not the least important, viz., the teaching of Gaelic in our National Schools, where this

is necessary. You are aware that this subject, since the passing of the Act of 1872, has excited great interest. The Education Department would at first concede nothing, and, until the Code of 1878, just issued, the only reference to the Gaelic language was this, viz., that the intelligence of the children might in certain districts be tested by and through that language. In localities where Gaelic is the mother-tongue, it would be superfluous, if not impertinent in me, to adduce argument to support the view that education without making any use, in fact ignoring that language, must be defective, and a gross injustice to the children. There had been for years such a desire to stamp out the language as a barrier to knowledge, that those who adopted that view would listen to neither reason nor argument. They declined to recognise that Gaelic did exist as a mother-tongue, and that it must be fairly dealt with, at the very least, during the period of transition, which education generally, and the Gaelic language as a spoken tongue, is now undergoing. We may have our views and ideas as to the preservation of Gaelic, but none of us can desire that it continue to be the sole language of a people. If it were, as long as it so remained, such people would be placed at great disadvantages. To bridge over the period during which Gaelic is the mother-tongue, we must in every way utilize the language in those localities where it prevails.

For the last four years pressure has been brought to bear upon the Education Department to recognise Gaelic, and at last we have been enabled to get substantial concessions. But unless School Boards do their duty, no result will follow. We wanted, amongst other things, that the Gaelic language be made a special subject, to be paid for by Government Grant. That point has not been conceded, but it is open for re-consideration and remonstrance in the future. What has been obtained is this—that Gaelic may be taught during school hours, and the time in so doing, which is not restricted, counts in the Attendance Grant. Further, the School Funds, other than Government Grants, may be lawfully applied in paying teachers and for results. These concessions are substantial, as I have said, but we must see that they are not allowed to remain a dead letter. Action must be taken by the School Boards, and it should be one of the paramount objects of Societies like yours, and of every Highlander, to see that the 300 schools, which have either directly declared, or are known to be favourable to Gaelic instruction, shall forthwith take steps to have Gaelic taught for such time in the day as is best suited for each particular locality and case, so that, at least, every Highland child shall hereafter be able to read their Bible in the mother-tongue; and next, to see that a reasonable part of the school funds are paid to efficient teachers of Gaelic. Upon this point of teachers, I am glad the objection so generally urged, that Gaelic teachers could not be had, has been disproved by the Parliamentary Return. This conclusively shows that such teachers are available, but they deserve more encouragement than that sanctioned by the Code, or which is likely to be granted by School Boards, unless these Boards are looked after carefully. It should be made well worth while to the teachers, that Gaelic be taught efficiently; and as regards Government Inspectors in Highland districts, if imbued with true Celtic spirit, like Mr Jolly of Inverness, they ought to receive encouragement and support from every Highlander and Association in the discharge

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of their important duties. After satisfying ourselves that School Boards do their duty strictly in these respects, we can with great propriety and effect, supplement their exertions by giving prizes of books, or granting small sums of money, to the best scholars; and I should not rest satisfied myself until every school where Gaelic was taught came to be under the immediate inspection of some of our Societies for the objects I have indicated. The smartest and cleverest boys in Gaelic would then come to the front, and a few of the best of them might be helped to enter secondary schools and Universities, in due time to become worthy ministers, inspectors, and teachers, and fill other responsible positions. Some efforts in this direction have already been made, and with great success. But I aim at its being universal, and that not a single Highland school, however remote, poor, or small, should want the assistance and superintendence I have referred to.

Further, with regard to those School Boards which decline to satisfy our just aspirations and wishes, and it will be found in the Returns laid before Parliament that there are some rather glaring cases, and in purely Highland districts, very decided action should be taken to bear upon them, and if without effect, to take steps at the first new election to return members truly representing popular desire. Lastly, I would allude to the immediate necessity of having Gaelic primers and other elementary works suitable for being used as Gaelic lesson books prepared by competent scholars and sold at suitable prices. Some of our principal Gaelic scholars would no doubt be glad to give their assistance in this matter, and in a manner suited to present circumstances and requirements. Much of the success of teaching in schools must depend on these books being of a suitable character.*

These, gentlemen, are some of the points I think Gaelic-speaking Highlanders are called upon to attend to. There are many others, which I ought to refer to, had I not wished to confine my observations within reasonable bounds, and to refrain from requesting your attention except to suggestions which are of practical, immediate importance, and within your province and power, at once, to take up and deal with. I shall have more than fulfilled the object I had before me if I awaken attention, followed by action, to those I have alluded to. You, the Gaelic Society of London, who last year so happily celebrated your Centenary, have much in your power, and should worthily, as of yore, take a lead in the preservation and development of everything that concerns and interests *Tu nam Beann nan Gleann's nan Gaisgeach*.

* Since the foregoing was written, I am delighted to hear something has already been done in this matter. That most zealous and earnest Highlander, the Rev. J. Calder Macphail of Pilrig, Edinburgh, writing to me under date 2d March current, says:—"Upon being satisfied with the changes made in the Code, I went at once to the Nelsons, publishers, to get them to prepare suitable books. They have entered most cordially into the matter. A beautiful illustrated Gaelic Primer, revised by Dr Macleachlan, is already in type, and I hope to have the pleasure of sending you a copy of it next week. It has the Gaelic and English page for page. They are to do the whole series of their 'Royal Readers' in the same way; and when these are ready and put into the hands of the Gaelic-speaking children, I think it is not too much to say, that the youth of the Highlands will then have an opportunity of learning both Gaelic and English, such as they never had before."

HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE, WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

By the Editor.

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[CONTINUED.]

VIII. COINNEACH OG, or KENNETH THE YOUNGER, was also called Sir Kenneth. When King James the Fourth in 1488 succeeded to the throne, he determined to attach to his interest the principal Chiefs in the Highlands. "To overawe and subdue the petty princes who affected independence, to carry into their territories, hitherto too exclusively governed by their own capricious or tyrannical institutions, the same system of a severe, but regular and rapid administration of civil and criminal justice, which had been established in his Lowland dominions, was the laudable object of the King; and for this purpose he succeeded, with that energy and activity which remarkably distinguished him, in opening up an intercourse with many of the leading men in the northern counties. With the Captain of the Clan Chattan, Duncan Mackintosh; with Ewen, the son of Alan, Captain of the Clan Cameron; with Campbell of Glenurghay; the Macgilleouns of Duart and Lochbuy; Mackane of Ardnachan; the lairds of Mackenzie and Grant; and the Earl of Huntley, a baron of the most extensive power in these northern districts—he appears to have been in habits of constant and regular communication—rewarding them by presents, in the shape either of money or of grants of land, and securing their services in reducing to obedience such of their fellow chieftains as proved contumacious, or actually rose in rebellion."* In accordance with this plan he determined upon taking pledges for their good behaviour from some of the most powerful Clans, and, at the same time, educate the more youthful lairds into a more civilized manner of governing their people. Amongst others he took a special interest in Kenneth Og, and Farquhar Mackintosh, the young laird of Mackintosh; both of whom were closely connected with the disinherited Lords of the Isles, and with one another, on the mother's side.† They were both powerful, the leaders of great Clans, and young men of great spirit and reckless habits. They were accordingly apprehended in 1495, and sent to Edinburgh, where they were kept in custody in the Castle, until a favourable opportunity occurring, in 1497, they escaped over the ramparts by the aid of ropes secretly conveyed to them by some of their friends. This was the more easily managed, as they had liberty granted them to roam over the whole bounds of the castle within the outer walls; and the young gentlemen, getting tired of such restraint, and ashamed to be idle while they considered themselves fit actors for the stage of their Highland domains, resolved to attempt an escape by dropping over the walls. In going over Kenneth injured his leg to such an extent as to incapacitate him from

* Tytler, vol. iv., pp. 367-368.

† Gregory at p. 91 says:—"The mothers of these powerful chiefs were each the daughters of an Earl of Ross, Lord of the Isles."

rapid progress ; but Mackintosh manfully resolved to run the risk of being captured rather than leave his fellow-fugitive behind in such circumstances. The result of this accident, however, was that after three days' walking they only managed to reach the Torwood, where, suspecting no danger, they put up for the night in a private house. The laird of Buchanan, who was at the time an outlaw for some murder he had committed, happened to be in the neighbourhood, and, meeting the Highlanders, entertained them with a show of kindness, by which means he induced them to divulge their names and quality. A proclamation had been recently issued promising remission to any outlaw who would bring in another similarly circumstanced, and Buchanan resolved to procure his own freedom at the expense of his fellow-outlaws ; for he was well aware that such they were, knowing them previously as His Majesty's pledges from their respective Clans. He therefore watched his opportunity until they had retired to rest, when he surrounded the house with a band of his followers, and charged his captives to surrender. This they declined ; and Mackenzie, being of a violent temper, and possessed of more courage than prudence, rushed out with a drawn sword " refusing delivery and endeavouring to escape," whereupon he was shot with an arrow by one of Buchanan's men. His head was severed from his body, and forwarded to the King in Edinburgh ; while young Mackintosh, who made no further resistance, was secured and sent on as a prisoner to the King. Buchanan's outlawry was remitted, and Mackintosh was confined in Dunbar, where he remained until after the death of James the Fourth at the battle of Flodden Field.* Buchanan's base conduct was universally execrated, while the fate of young Mackenzie was lamented throughout the whole Highlands, having been accused of no crime but the natural forwardness of youth and having escaped from his confinement in Edinburgh Castle.

Under our last heading—Kenneth of the Battle—we have shown pretty conclusively, in spite of various authorities to the contrary, that Kenneth Og succeeded his father in 1491 ; but we shall now place the question of his doing so absolutely beyond dispute by the following extract from the published " Acts of the Lords of Council," p. 327, under date " 17th June 1494. The King's Highness and Lords of Council decree and deliver that David Ross of Balnagown shall restore and deliver again to Annas Fraser, the spouse of THE LATE Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail, seven score of cows, price of the piece (each), 20s ; 30 horses, price of the piece, 2 merks ; 200 sheep and goats, price of the piece, 2s ; and 14 cows, price of the piece, 20s ; spuilzied and taken by the said David and his Complices from the said Annas out of the lands of Kynlyn (? Kinellan), as was sufficiently proved before the Lords ; and ordain that letters be written to distrain the said David, his lands, and goods therefor, and he was present at his action by this procurators." It is almost needless to point out that the man who, by this unquestioned authority, was THE LATE Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail in 1494 could not possibly have died about, or " circa, 1506," as Mr Fraser asserts in his " Earls of Cromartie." It is admitted on all hands that Kenneth Og was

* Gregory, p. 93 ; and MS. History by the Earl of Cromartie.

killed, as above, in 1497, and must, therefore, have ruled as one of the Barons of Kintail, though, possibly, he was never formally served heir. He was not married, but left two bastard sons—the one by the daughter of the Baron of Moniach, known as Rorie Beag; and the other by the daughter of a gentleman in Cromar, of whom are descended the Sliochd Thomais in Cromar and Glenshiel, Braemar, the principal families of which are those of Dalmore and Renoway. He was succeeded by his eldest brother by his father's second marriage with Agnes or Anne, daughter of Hugh, third Lord Lovat,

IX. JOHN, known as "of Killin," from his having generally resided there, was, as we have seen, the first son, by Agnes or Anne, of Lovat, and there being no regular marriage between the parties, the main body of the clan looked upon him as illegitimate. Hector Roy Mackenzie, John's uncle, and progenitor of the House of Gairloch, was a man of great prudence and courage, and for that reason was appointed, by Alexander, tutor to Sir Kenneth, who was killed in the Torwood, though Duncan, being an elder brother of Hector Roy, by Alexander's first wife, had, according to custom, a prior right to this honourable and important trust. Duncan is, however, described as one who was "of better hands than head"—more brave than prudent. On the death of Kenneth Og, Hector found himself in possession of great estates. He had already secured great popularity among the clan, whom he had often in the past led to victory against the common enemy. He objected to John's succession on the ground of his being the illegitimate son of Lovat's daughter, with whom his father, Kenneth, at first did "so irregularly and unlawfully cohabit," and John's youth encouraging him, Hector, it is said,* proposed an arrangement to Duncan, whom he considered the only legitimate obstacle to his own succession, by which he would transfer his rights as elder brother in Hector's favour, in return for which he was to receive a considerable portion of the estates to himself and his successors. Duncan declined to enter into the proposed arrangement, on the ground that the Pope had, in 1491, the year in which Kenneth's father died, legitimised the marriage with Agnes Lovat, and thereby restored the children of this union to the rights of succession. Finding Duncan unfavourable to his project, Hector declared John illegitimate, and held possession of the estates for himself; and the whole Clan, with whom he was a great favourite, submitted to his rule. It cannot be supposed that Lord Lovat would have been a disinterested spectator of these proceedings, and in the interest of his sister's children he procured a precept of *clare constat* from James Stewart, Duke of Ross,† and Arch-

* MS. History by the Earl of Cromartie.

† After the forfeiture of the ancient Earls of Ross, the district furnished new titles under the old names, to members of the Royal family. James Stewart, second son of King James the Third, was created in 1487 Duke of Ross, Marquis of Ormond, Earl of Ardmach, and Lord of Brechin and Navar. The Duke did not long hold the territorial Dukedom of Ross. On the 13th of May 1503, having obtained the rich Abbey of Dunfermline, he resigned the Dukedom of Ross into the hands of the King. The Duke reserved for his life the hill of Dingwall beside that town, for the style of Duke, the hill of Ormond (above Avoch) for the style of Marquis, the Reidcastle of Ardmach for the style of Earl, and the Castle of Brechin, with the gardens, &c., for the name of Brechin and Navar. The Duke of Ross died in 1504. It was said of him by Ariosto, as translated by Hoole—

bishop of St Andrews, in favour of John as heir to the estates. The precept is "daited the last of Apryle 1500 and seasin thereon 16 Mey 1500 be Sir John Barchaw and William Monro of Foulls, as Baillie to the Duk."† This precept included the Barony of Kintail, as well as the lands held by Mackenzie of the Earldom of Ross, for the charter chest being in the possession of Hector Roy, Lovat was not aware that Kintail was at this time held direct from the Crown; but notwithstanding all these precautions and legal instruments, Hector kept possession and treated the entire estates as his own property. Sir William Monro, the Duke's Lieutenant for the forfeited Earldom, was dissatisfied with his conduct, and resolved upon punishing him. Munro was in the habit of doing things with a high hand, and on this occasion, during Hector's absence from home, he, accompanied by his Sheriff, Alexander Vass, went to Kinellan, where Hector usually resided, held a court at the place, and as a mulct or fine took away the couples of one of Hector's barns as a token of his power. When Hector discovered what had taken place in his absence, he became furious, and sent a message to Fowlis to tell him that if he were a man of courage and a "good fellow" he would come and take away the couples of the other barn when he was at home. Monro, sorely offended at this message, determined to accept the bold challenge conveyed in it. He promptly collected his own followers, with the Dingwalls, and the Maccullochs, who were then his dependants, to the number of nine hundred, and started for Kinellan, where he arrived much sooner than Hector, who hurriedly collected all the men he could in the neighbourhood, anticipated. He had no time to advise his Kintail men or those at any distance from Kinellan, and was therefore unable to collect more than one hundred and eighty men. With this small force he wisely deemed it imprudent to venture on a battle on such unequal terms, and decided upon a strategy which, if it proved successful as he anticipated, would give him an advantage that would more than counterbalance his enemy's superiority of numbers. Having supplied his small but resolute band with provisions for twenty-four hours, he led them secretly, during the night, to the top of Knock-farrel, a place so situated that Monro must needs pass near its north or south side in his march to and from Kinellan. Early next morning Fowlis marched past, quite ignorant of Hector's position, and expecting him to have remained at Kinellan to implement the purport of his message. He was allowed to pass on unmolested, and, supposing Hector had fled, he proceeded to demolish the barn, ordered its couples to be carried away, broke all the utensils about the place, and drove away all the cattle, as trophies of his visit. In the evening he re-

"The title of the Duke of Ross he bears,
No chief like him in dauntless mind compares."

The next creation of the title of the Duke of Ross was in favour of Alexander Stewart, the posthumous son of King James the Fourth. The Duke was born on the 30th April 1514, and died on the 18th December 1515. In the reign of Mary Queen of Scots, John, Earl of Sutherland, acquired from Mary, the Queen Dowager, a certain right in the Earldom of Ross, which might ultimately have joined in one family both Sutherland and Ross. Lord Darnley, on the prospect of his marriage with Queen Mary, was created Earl of Ross, a title by which he is little known, as it was only given to him a short time before he obtained the higher titles of Duke of Albany and King of Scotland.—*Fraser's Earls of Cromartie.*

† MS. History by the Earl of Cromartie.

turned, as Hector conjectured, carrying his plunder in front of his party, accompanied by a strong guard, while he placed the rest of his picked men in the rear, fearing that Hector might pursue him, little imagining that he was between him and his destination. On his way to Kinellan, Munro marched through Strathpeffer, round the north side of Knock-farrel, but for some cause or other he returned by the south side where the highway touched the shoulder of the hill where Hector's men were posted. Munro had no fear of attack from that quarter, and his men feeling themselves quite safe marched loosely and out of all order. Hector discovering his opportunity, allowed them to pass until the rear was within musket shot of him. He then ordered his men to charge, which they did with such force and impetuosity, that most of the enemy were cut to pieces before they were properly aware from whence they were attacked, or could make any effectual attempt to resist the dashing onset of Hector's followers. The groans of the dying in the gloaming, the uncertainty as well as the unexpectedness of the attack, frightened them so much that they fled in confusion, in spite of every attempt on the part of Fowles, who was in front in charge of the spoil and its guard, to stop them. Those flying in disorder from the rear soon confused those in front, and the result was a complete rout. Hector's men followed, with great violence and impetuosity, killing every one they met; for it was ordered that no quarter should be given to such a number, who might turn round again, attack and defeat the victors. In this retreat almost all the men of the Clan Dingwall and Maccullochs capable of bearing arms were killed, and so many of the Monroes that for a long time after "there could not be ane secure friendship made up twixt them and the Mackenzies, till by frequent alliance and mutual benefiets at last the animosities are settled; and in order to a reconciliation, Hector, some to this William of Foulis was married to John Mackenzie's sister." At this conflict, besides that it was notable for its handsome contrivance, inequality of forces, and the number of the slain, there were two little circumstances worth noting. One was that the pursuit was so hot, that they not only fled in a crowd, but there were so many of them killed at a place on the edge of the hill where a descent fell from each shoulder of the hill to a well, and most of Hector's men being armed with axes and two-edged swords, they had cut off so many heads in that small space, that, tumbling down the slope to the well, nineteen heads were counted in it; and to this day the well is called *Tolch nan Ceann*, or the Fountain of the Heads. The other incident was that one, nicknamed "Suarachan," otherwise better known as *Donnchadh Mor na Tuaighe*, or Big Duncan of the Axe, a servant of Hector, pursued one of the enemy into the Church of Dingwall, to which he had fled for shelter. As he was entering in at the door, Suarachan caught him by the arm, when the man exclaimed, "My sanctuary saves me!" "Aye," returned Suarachan, "but what a man puts in the sanctuary against his will he can take it out again;" and so, pushing him back from the door, he killed him with one stroke of his broadsword.*

In 1499, George, Earl of Huntly, the King's Lieutenant, granted a

* MS. History by the Earl of Cromartie.

warrant to Duncan Mackintosh of Mackintosh, John Grant of Freuchie, and other leaders, with three thousand men, to pass against the Clan Mackenzie, "the King's rebels," for the slaughter of Harold of Chisholm, dwelling in Strathglass, "and for divers other heirschips, slaughters, spuilzies, committed on the King's poor lieges and tenants in the Lordship of Ardmearoch,"* but Hector Roy and his followers gave a good account of them, and soon defeated and dispersed them. He seems to have held undisturbed possession until the year 1507, when John, then about eighteen years of age, and his brother Roderick were on a visit in the Aird, at the house of their uncle, the Lord of Lovat, when a fire broke out at the castle. According to the Earl of Cromartie, when the house took fire, no one was found bold enough to approach the burning pile except John, who rushed boldly through the flames and carried away the Lovat charter chest, "a weight even then thought too much for the strongest man, and that cheist, yett extant, is a load sufficient for two. His uncle, bothe obleiged by the actione, and glad to sie such strength and boldnes in the young man, desyred (him) to do as much for himself as he haid done for him, and to discover his (own) charter cheist from his uncle, and that he should have all the concurrence which he (Lovat) could give to that effect." Anderson, in the "History of the Family of Fraser," ascribes this bold act to Roderick, for which he was "considered amply recompensed by the gift of a bonnet and a pair of shoes." It matters little which is the correct version, but probably Lovat's valuable charter chest was saved by one of them, and it is by no means improbable that his Lordship's suggestion that they should procure their own chest, and his offer to aid them in doing so, was made on this occasion.

John, who had proved himself extremely prudent, even in his youth, considered that his uncle Hector, who was a man of proved valour and wisdom, in possession of the estates, and highly popular with the clan, could not be expelled without great difficulty, and extreme danger to himself. Any such attempt would produce feuds, slaughters, and depredations among his own people, with the certain result of making himself unpopular among the clan, and his uncle more popular than ever. John therefore decided upon what turned out a more prudent course. Resolving to strike only at Hector's person, judging that, if his uncle failed, his claims and the personal respect of his followers would fall with him. To carry out his resolution, he concocted a scheme which proved completely successful. He had an interview with Hector, who then resided at Wester Fairburn, and pleaded that since he had taken his estates from him, and left him in such reduced circumstances, it was not in accordance with his feelings and his ambition for fame to remain any longer in his native country, where he had neither position nor opportunities to distinguish himself. He therefore begged that his uncle should give him a galley or birlinn, and as many of the ablest and most determined youths in the country as should voluntarily follow him in his adventures for fame and fortune in a foreign land. With these he would pass to Ireland, then engaged in war, and "there purchase a glorious death or a more plentiful fortune than he was likely to get at home." The idea pleased

* Kilmaveck Papers, p. 170.

Hector exceedingly, who not only gave him his own birlinn or galley, but furnished him with all the necessary provisions for the voyage, at the same time assuring him that, if he prosecuted his intentions, he should annually transmit him a sufficient portion to keep up his position, until his own personal prowess and fortune should place him above any such necessity; whereas, if he had otherwise resolved or attempted to molest him in what he called his rights, he would bring sudden and certain ruin upon himself. Thirty brave and resolute young men joined the supposed adventurer, after he had informed them that he would have none except those who would do so of their own free will, from their affection for him, and determination to support him in any emergency; for he well judged that only such were suitable companions in the desperate aims which he had laid out for himself to accomplish. These he dispatched with the galley to Corristone (? Coire-dhomhain) one of the most secluded glens on the West Coast, and distant from any populated places; while he remained with his uncle, professedly to arrange the necessary details of his journey, and the transmission of his portion, but really to notice "his method and manner of converse." John soon took farewell of Hector, and departed with every appearance of simplicity. His uncle sent a retinue to convoy him with becoming respect, but principally to assure himself of his nephew's departure, and to guard against surprise or design on John's part. Accompanied by these, he soon arrived at Corristone, where he found his thirty fellow adventurers and the galley awaiting him. They at once set sail, and with a fair wind made for the Isles, in the direction of, and as if intending to make for, Ireland. The retinue sent by Hector Roy now returned home, and informed their master that they saw John and his companions started before a fair wind, with sails set, in the direction of Ireland, when Hector exclaimed, referring to Anne of Lovat, "We may now sleep without fear of Anne's children."

John, sailing down Loch Corristone,* and judging that Hector's men had returned home, made for a sheltered and isolated creek; landed in a wood; and dispersed his men with instructions to go by the most private and unfrequented paths in the direction of Ault Corrienarniech, in the Braes of Corristone, where he would meet them. This done, they followed Hector's men, being quite close behind them by the time they reached Fairburn. He halted at some little distance from the house until about midnight, when, calling his men together, he feelingly addressed them thus:—"Now, my good friends, I perceive that you are indeed affectionate to me, and resolute men, who have freely forsaken your country and relations to share in my not very promising fortune; but my design in seeking only such as would voluntarily go along with me was that I might be certain of your affection and resolution, and since you are they whom I ought only to rely upon in my present circumstances and danger, I shall now tell you that I was never so faint-hearted as to quit my inheritance without attempting what is possible for any man in my capacity. In order to this I feigned this design for Ireland for three reasons: first, to put my uncle in security, whom I have found ever hitherto very circum-spect and well guarded; next, to find out a select, faithful number to

* Loch Long (?)

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whom I might trust ; and thirdly, that in case I fail, and that my uncle shall prevail over my endeavours, that I might have this boat and provisions as a safe retreat, both for myself and you, whom I should be loath to expose to so great a danger without some probability in the attempt, and some security in the disappointment. I am resolved this night to fall on my uncle ; for he being gone, there is none of his children who dare hope to reponc themselves to his place. The countrymen who now, for fear, depend on him and disown me, will, no doubt, on the same motives, promoted with my just title, own me against all other injurious pretenders. One thing I must require of you, and it is that albeit those on whom we are to fall are all related both to you and to me, yet since on their destruction depends the preservation of our lives, and the restitution of my estate, you must all promise not to give quarter to my uncle or to any of his company." To this horrid resolution they all agreed, disregarding the natural ties of blood and other obligations, and marching as quietly as possible they arrived at Hector's house, surrounded it, and set fire to it—guarding it all round so that not a soul could escape. The whole house was soon in flames, and the inmates, Hector and his household, were crying out for mercy. Their pitiful cries made an impression on those outside, for many of them had relatives within, and in spite of their previous resolution to give no quarter, some of them called on their nearest friends to come out and surrender, on assurance of their lives being spared. John, seeing so many of his followers moved to this merciful conduct, and being unable to resist them, exclaimed, "My uncle is as near in blood to me as any in the house are to you, and therefore I will be as kind to him as you are to them." He then called upon him to surrender and come forth from the burning pile, assuring him of his life. This he did ; but Donald Dubh MacGillechriost vic Gillereach attempted to kill him in spite of John's efforts to save him and secure him quarter. This Donald was Kenneth Og's foster-brother, and imagining that Hector was accessory in an underhand manner to Kenneth's captivity in Edinburgh Castle, and consequently to his death in the Torwood, he conceived an inveterate hatred for Hector, and determined to kill him in revenge on the first opportunity. Hector, knowing that his resolution proceeded from fidelity and affection to his foster-brother and master, not only forgave him, but ultimately took an opportunity to reward him ; for on his recommendation John afterwards gave Donald Dubh his choice of all Kenlochewe. He is also the same person who afterwards killed the Laird of Buchanan at the Battle of Flodden in revenge for the murder of Kenneth Og, as related hereafter.

John immediately sent word of what had taken place to his uncle of Lovat, and next day marched for Kintail, where all the people there, as well as in the other parts of his property, recognised him as their chief. The Castle of Eilean Donan was delivered up to him, with the charter chest and other evidence of his extensive possessions.

(To be Continued.)

THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER (new and enlarged edition) can be had from Messrs Gordon & Gotch, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Sydney, Australia.

MARY MACLEOD OF MARRIG ;
OR, HOW THE CAMPBELLS WENT TO HARRIS.

MARRIG HOUSE stands on a gentle declivity near the upper end of Loch Seaforth, a bay of some miles in length, in the Outer Hebrides. It was in olden times a structure of the most primitive description. Its walls, which were some six feet in thickness, and about four feet in height, were built of sods, earth, and mountain boulders ; and its roof of pieces of wreckage found on the shore, covered over with sods, ferns, and rushes. It had neither window nor chimney, save a rude opening at the top of the wall, and an old creel stuck into the ridge, which served the double purpose of admitting light and emitting the dense volumes of smoke which invariably darkened the interior. The fire was in the centre of the clay-made floor. The cooking utensils were suspended from the rafters by a heather rope. The partitions, made of boards, pieces of wreckage, and old sails, did not extend higher than the level of the walls.

Being on a portion of the estate of Harris—which was from time immemorial possessed by the branch of the Macleods known as *Siol Thormaid*—Marrig House was occupied by a Macleod ; and not unfrequently did it afford temporary shelter and entertainment to the Chief of *Siol Thormaid* himself, when following the chase in the adjoining forests. It was from this house that Sir Rory Mor Macleod of Dunvegan and Harris, while laid up with a sore leg, wrote, on the 2d September 1596, a letter to King James, acknowledging receipt of the King's charge on the 18th of the same month commanding him to be at Islay with all his forces on the second day thereafter, under pain of treason, and explaining that it was impossible to comply with His Majesty's orders, even "althocht my hail force haid beine togidder, and wund and widder serued one at eiverir airt." But the house which was then at Marrig has long since disappeared, and a more substantial and modern one now stands in its place. The tenant of Marrig was always locally called "Fear Mharig," or the man of Marrig, a term which was and still is applied in the Highlands to large tenants.

Marrig at the time of which we write was tenanted by a near relation of the Chief of *Siol Thormaid*, a brave, prudent, and upright man. He had an only daughter, his heiress, upon whom Nature had bestowed no small share of her favours ; she was as modest and tender-hearted as she was beautiful. She was courted and sought after by all the young gentlemen of the Island ; but being devotedly attached to her father, whom she idolized, and on whose advice and counsel she invariably acted, their

proffered suits were always rejected ; until circumstances which took place in the neighbourhood of Glasgow at that time brought a new and more successful suitor on the scene.

It happened, while a son of the then Earl of Argyll was prosecuting his studies in the University of Glasgow, that a dispute arose between him and one of his fellow-students regarding the superiority of their respective clans. The quarrel ultimately assumed such proportions, that it was resolved to decide it by an appeal to arms. The weapons chosen were the broadsword and target, these being the common weapons of war in those days. At the proper time the combatants, with their seconds, appeared at the appointed place. A fearful attack immediately began, and continued with unabated fury for some time ; and so well were the warriors matched that it became doubtful latterly which of them would carry the day. Campbell, however, ultimately made a clever and skilful thrust, which secured him the victory—he having split his adversary's head almost in two. Campbell was thus, according to law, guilty of manslaughter, and being "wanted" for that offence, he and his second, who was a son of Macleod of Dunvegan and Harris, fled to the latter island for refuge.

Campbell was not long in the Island when he became acquainted with Mary Macleod, the fair heiress of Marrig, and became deeply enamoured of her ; and being a handsome man of prepossessing appearance, refined address, winning manners, and, withal, of an illustrious family, his love was soon warmly returned, and with the full concurrence of the young lady's father, the day of their marriage was fixed for an early date. But it happened soon afterwards that the old gentleman casually received a full account of the cause for which his daughter's affianced came to Harris, and, his whole nature revolting at the idea of marrying his daughter to a man guilty of manslaughter, he at once resolved to break off the alliance. He well knew this could not be accomplished without encountering some serious difficulty—possibly a bitter and deadly feud. Not that he apprehended any serious opposition on the part of his daughter, who, he was sure, would sacrifice almost anything to please her father ; but her suitor was a very different person. He was proud, and easily irritated, and that he was of a violent disposition was sufficiently demonstrated in the fact that he had already fought a duel and had slain his opponent for the honour of his name. He belonged to a powerful family, whose chief might feign offence at his son's proffered suit and engagement being thus summarily rejected and violated, and might come to make reprisals, or, peradventure, declare open war with the Siol Thormaid, the result of which might be disastrous. Carefully considering all these questions, which operated strongly on his feelings, the good man of Marrig called his daughter to his presence, and told her in an affectionate and feeling manner what he had discovered of the history of her lover ; and then, in a tone sufficiently firm to manifest that he meant what he said, he made known his resolution. "You must not," he said, "have any further communication with Campbell. Sorry indeed am I to be under the necessity of thwarting my dear Mary's affections, but ten times more would it pain me to see her wedded to a man whom my soul loathes. My darling Mary is still very young. Let her trust in Providence, and she

will yet get a husband, in whom she may safely repose her trust, and whom her aged father can love as he loves his daughter."

"Never have I attempted to go against my father's commands," answered she, weeping bitterly, "nor shall I do so now; but as my heart bleeds for my beloved, I trust you have authentic information before you can act so harshly. Shall I, Oh! shall I be permitted to see him once more?"

"I have no reason to doubt the correctness of my information," replied he, "for I received it from young Macleod, who witnessed the duel. You may see Campbell once more, but once for all."

A meeting had previously been arranged between the lovers for the very evening of the day on which the above conversation took place between Mary Macleod and her father; and with buoyant spirits, and a step so light that it scarcely bent the purple heather, Campbell walked from Rodel to Marrig—a distance of between twenty-five and thirty miles—that day, to meet his affianced Mary. Little, alas! did he think, while performing his journey, that she would greet him with such heart-rending words to both as "My dear, I must see you no more." The lovers embraced each other when they met. "How happy am I to meet you and see you, my darling Mary, once more," said Campbell, who was the first to speak; "but, thank God, we shall soon meet to part no more while we live."

"Happy, thrice happy would I be," sobbed the maiden, "if that were so; but, alas! it cannot be." And in broken accents she recapitulated all that her father said to her, adding with a groan, "I must never see you again."

"What!" exclaimed Campbell in great excitement, "must I never see my dear, my own Mary again? It cannot be. The very thought would kill me. I will not part with my own, my darling Mary."

They both burst into tears, and continued to weep and sob for a long time; but the young lady, who, on the whole, considering the trying nature of it, bore the ordeal with remarkable fortitude, and remarked that as her father's word was inexorable as the laws of the Medes and Persians which altered not, they must be reconciled to their fate.

"If it must be so, then," Campbell replied, "I shall try to submit to it. But the Island of Harris will henceforth have no attraction for me. I shall depart from it at once, and go to the seas, where I can muse in melancholy silence on the maid who first stole my heart and afterwards rejected me."

"Restrain thy plaint, my dear Archy," rejoined the maiden, as she proceeded to assure him that the step she had taken was entirely in obedience to the wishes of her father, without whose consent she would never marry while he lived; but she would faithfully promise that if he would wait for her until her father had paid the debt of nature she would be only too happy to fulfil her engagement and become his wife. "And," she continued, "I shall never marry another while you live."

Campbell replied that since he found that her love to him was still unaltered, he would become more reconciled to his hard fate; that her kind and loving words had infused him with fresh hopes; that her father, in the natural course of things, must, before many years had passed

away, go to his fathers, and that till that event took place he would patiently wait for his loving Mary. He then handed her the ring which he intended placing on her finger on the day of their nuptials, saying, "Take this, and keep it till we meet again."

She took the ring with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow—of joy, because she could look at it as a memento of their engagement; of sorrow, because it would remind her of an absent lover. After looking intensely at it for some time she carefully placed it in her bosom, saying, "I too will give you a pledge of our betrothal, it was intended to be worn on your breast at our wedding," and she then handed him a knot of blue ribbon, made by herself, and having both their initials wrought in it with golden silk thread. Taking a parting embrace of each other, they wept long and bitterly, and with heavy hearts separated, it might be, for ever.

During this conversation they sat on the south side of an elevated spot overlooking Loch Seaforth, and afterwards she went direct to Marrig House, while he immediately left in the direction of Stornoway, where he went with the view of procuring employment as a seaman on board some vessel. Many a look did he give towards Marrig, between Athline, at the head of Loch Seaforth, and Araidh Bhruthaich, the shealing of the Ascent, in Lochs, where the Irish plunderers lifted Donald Cam Macaulay's cattle in his absence, while he was away on business at the Flannel Isles, and for which act they paid with their lives; for Donald overtook them at Loch Seaforth, and slew every one of them.

Stornoway is twenty-six miles north of Marrig; and although the evening was far advanced ere Campbell left, he arrived at the Capital of the Lews before many of the good citizens had retired for the night. One would have thought that Campbell, after travelling upwards of fifty miles that day, would have slept pretty soundly; but such was not the case. The thoughts of what had occurred at Marrig disquieted his mind so much, that it almost became unhinged. Sleep, usually the sweet and refreshing balm to the weary traveller, left him to writhe on a sleepless pillow all night. No wonder, then, that the first peep of daylight found him in the neighbourhood of the old castle of Stornoway—then the seat and stronghold of the once famous Chief of Siol Thorcuil—sauntering on the sandy beach, and peering out into the placid blue water of the bay, in the hope of descrying some ship to take him away from the scene of his present sorrow. He did not long look in vain, for he soon noticed a vessel lying some distance off; and presently a small boat for a supply of water left her for the shore. The ship, which had shortened her cable before the boat put off, he found was bound for Holland.

"Short of men?" exclaimed Campbell, as the boat touched the beach.

"Would ship one good hand," one of the sailors replied.

"All right; here he is," responded Campbell, who, as soon as the casks were full, accompanied the sailors to the vessel. He was engaged as soon as he went on board; the ship weighed anchor, and proceeded to sea. Campbell having now left the Hebrides, we shall return to Harris and note affairs at Marrig.

It was several years before Mary Maclood thoroughly recovered from the effects of the shock produced by her disappointment. She mourned

long and sorrowfully for her absent lover, and feared she would never see him again. Her lamentations were so pitiful, she grew so terribly thin and wan, that her father was sorely grieved that he could not undo what he had done. "Woe to me," he often exclaimed, "for killing my daughter. She is rapidly sinking to an untimely grave." Although some of Mary's former admirers returned with the full ardour of their love as soon as Campbell had left the Island, and pressed their suits with renewed zeal, she politely but firmly rejected their proposals, with the saying, "I am not yet a widow."

Five years had now nearly passed away since Mary Macleod and Archy Campbell parted, and still no tidings reached her of his whereabouts. She knew not whether he was dead or alive. At that time some of the sailors belonging to a large ship which came into Loch Seaforth for shelter called one evening at Marrig House for milk; and in conversation with them it transpired that their vessel, then in Loch Seaforth, was the identical ship in which Campbell sailed from Stornoway five years previously; that he never left her until he was accidentally drowned in the Bay of Biscay four years afterwards; that, by his kind and obliging manner, he became a general favourite with all his comrades, who deeply lamented his loss. This unexpected intelligence acted upon the forlorn and broken-hearted maiden as if struck by a thunderbolt. She uttered a wild and piercing scream, and fell fainting on the floor. During the excitement that followed the sailors made their exit, and proceeded to their ship, which weighed anchor next morning and disappeared; so that the fair maiden had now lost any further opportunity of obtaining any additional information she might desire about her lover. Sad and melancholy as she had been hitherto, she was now depressed and cheerless in the extreme. Refusing to be comforted, she moaned and sighed day and night for weeks and months together. Nothing apparently could rouse her spirits from the deep melancholy which had taken possession of her. She continued thus for nearly two years, during which time she was all but a hermit. She was often visited, it is true, during those solitary years by many admirers, who used all the fair words at their command to press their suit upon her, but she invariably answered that she did not yet tire of her widow's weeds. Eventually, however, she became gradually more cheerful, and took some pleasure in society; and she ultimately sang and danced at balls and other fashionable gatherings as in days long gone by.

Of all Mary Macleod's admirers Macleod of Hushinish was her greater favourite; and some three years after she obtained intelligence of Campbell's death, she consented to become his wife, with the full consent of her father and other relations, and the day of their espousal was fixed. The preparations for the wedding, which was to be on a grand scale, were necessarily extensive. The liquors consisted of whisky, rum, gin, and brandy. The marriage ceremony was, according to the usual custom, to be performed in her father's house, whither the officiating clergyman had been invited several days previously. For some days prior to the marriage a strong gale of wind blew from the south and the barometer gave every indication of its continuance. This proved a fortunate circumstance for the bride's father, whose stock of gin and brandy had become

somewhat limited at the time when it was most required ; for, two days previous to that of the marriage, a foreign vessel had put into Loch Seaforth for shelter from the storm, and from this ship he procured a supply of the necessary supply of spirits. On account of the liberal terms on which the captain supplied him, Fear Mharig invited him and the first mate to the wedding. The captain—a middle-aged burly man, with a well tanned face—was, as became his position, dressed in a suit of clothes corresponding to his rank ; but the mate, who seemed about thirty years of age, with brown, but well-fared face, of ordinary height, and handsome figure, was dressed in the garb of an ordinary seaman.

The number of people which collected at Marrig was so large that the marriage ceremony had to be performed in the barn, where as many as it could contain were requested to go to witness the proceedings. In the general rush the captain and his mate were left outside. But being the greatest strangers, and anxious that they should see the ritual, some of the leading Harris men gave up their own seats in favour of the sailors, who thus received front positions. They had scarcely occupied them when the bride and her maids entered, followed almost immediately by the bridegroom and his party. The bride, attired in her magnificent marriage robes, looking beautiful and spotless as an angel, was greeted with vociferous cheering. This enthusiastic welcome over, and just when the minister was about to commence the service, the mate, who chanced to be exactly opposite to the bride, interrupted the proceedings by saying in the blunt but pointed manner peculiar to sailors, "I presume that all the ladies and gentlemen present have already presented the bride with their presents. I haven't yet had a proper opportunity of giving mine ; and although it is but small, and apparently trifling, I trust the young lady will, nevertheless, accept and appreciate it as a token of my constant love and devoted affection." He then handed the bride a neatly folded paper parcel, about the size of a small-sized envelope. She nervously tore it open, and on examining the contents, she, to the great astonishment of the assembly, exclaimed, "Archy, Archy, my dear ! my long absent Archy," and springing forward she embraced him again and again. It is needless to say that the sailor's present was the identical knot of blue ribbon given by Mary Macleod to Archibald Campbell some eight years before. Mary and her betrothed, Archibald Campbell (for it was he) were for several minutes locked fast in each other's embrace, and she, after the commotion produced by this unexpected meeting had somewhat subsided, said, in an audible tone, that she was now ready to fulfil her original engagement to her first love, Archibald Campbell, and that her father, she was quite sure, would now offer no objections to their marriage. Fear Mharig at once replied that he had already suffered quite enough of harrowing remorse for the part he had previously taken in their separation to offer any further objections. He would therefore give his full consent, for the whole thing seemed to him to have been arranged by Providence. Young Macleod of Harris, Campbell's University companion, now stepped forward, and shook the sailor warmly by the hand, giving him a thousand welcomes to Harris, and congratulating him on coming so opportunely to claim the hand of Mary Macleod ; and Fear Mharig suggested that, as all the arrangements were ready, and the clergyman stand-

ing there, the marriage ceremony had better be proceeded with, which proposal was acted upon, and Archibald Campbell and Mary Macleod were there and then made man and wife. During the proceedings, young Hushinish, the disappointed bridegroom, stood a silent spectator, and quite dumfounded.

The marriage ceremony over, Campbell entertained the company, relating his travels and all the peculiar incidents which occurred during the eight years that elapsed since he left Harris, one of which was how his ship came to Loch Seaforth three years before, as already noticed, how that he himself formed one of the party of sailors who then called at Marrig House for milk, and personally reported that he had been drowned in the Bay of Biscay. His object in making this false statement was to test his love's affection; for finding that her father was still alive, he deemed it prudent not to make himself known. He then solemnly assured them, corroborated by his Captain, that his coming to Loch Seaforth two days ago, driven by the storm, was by the merest chance.

It need hardly be told that the vessel left Loch Seaforth minus the first mate, who was from his marriage-day henceforth called Fear Mharig. From Mary Macleod and Archibald Campbell, the sailor, descended all the Campbells in Harris, Lews, Uist, and Skye, many of whom became famous in their day and generation.

MAC IAIN.

THE SCOTSMAN EATING THE LEEK.—In a leading article on the Education Code for 1878, he says:—"There is one other addition in the Code, of special interest to Scotland, which should not be passed without acknowledgment—namely, the permission to teach Gaelic in Highland schools during the ordinary school hours. It is only right that every British child should have his education carried on in that which is his mother tongue, as well as in the national language; and as long as there are districts in which Gaelic is the dominant language, it is the duty of the State to recognise the fact in its educational arrangements. This concession will probably be as gratifying to the enemies of Gaelic as to its friends. If the latter see in it the beginning of a new lease of life for their favourite tongue, the former may console themselves by reflecting that English is likely to make more progress alongside of Gaelic systematically taught, than if it were left to push its way without an interpreter. It is not the starting-point of a new life-term, but the beginning of a struggle for existence. Thus do Codes and Education Acts bring their influence to bear on minute points in the national history." We have not the heart to grudge our friend, considering that he has hitherto been one of the most inveterate "enemies of Gaelic," and of the Gaelic people, the slight gratifying and consoling reflection which he so endearingly hugs in the latter part of this quotation.

THE ELEGIES OF ROB DONN.

No. IV.



IAIN MACEACHAINN—THE OLERGY.

THE genius of Rob Donn has snatched from forgetfulness a name or two worth remembering for the manliness, benevolence, and general usefulness which they displayed in their own remote and quiet spheres. But Iain MacEachainn is inseparably linked in memory with the Bard himself. Horace, when we think of him, recalls his Mæcenas, and so does Rob Donn MacEachainn of Mussel. MacEachainn stood high in the social scale of his clan, the Mackays, and showed his gentle breeding, and pure blood, by his kindly attention to his brethren who did not live in ceiled houses, but in turf huts. The cottage where Rob Donn saw the light was not far from the mansion-house of Mussel, and MacEachainn often pulled-up his horse at its door. He loved poetry as well as driving, and, it is believed, penned songs as well accounts. A talk with Rob Donn's mother was always a delight, for she could sing songs as old as Gaelic itself, and could recount old world traditions in the purest language and the softest accents. By and bye, MacEachainn's attention was arrested by a precocious bright little fellow who played like a kitten around his mother's knee, and let fall now and then expressions which were the wonder of all. The mother, no doubt, would, with maternal pride, quote verses which had already flowed from the lips of the boy, not yet seven years old. Mussel must have the boy transferred to his own house, and transferred he was—bare headed, bare legged, and bare footed, with his mother's blessing, feeling new sensations of wonder and novelty, not so unlike, after all, those which agitate the bosom of the well-equipped young gent who leaves home for a fashionable school. Thus the foundation was laid on which MacEachainn afterwards built what made him the pride and the glory of the poet's heart, and in some respects the "pillar of his fortunes."

In MacEachainn's house Rob Donn received that education which, judged by its fruit, might have been worse. There are men, we know, who are poets at heart, but want the accomplishment of verse; there may, and have been, men of well disciplined intellects, with stores of varied knowledge at their command, who never turned over a page of a book. Rob Donn belonged to the latter class. His knowledge of nature, of men, of the workings of the human mind in its numberless passions and desires was superior to many who are proud because they can write an hexameter of faultless scansion. The young poet was sent to the fields to watch the "wandering kine"—an employment not considered base in times when wealth was represented to a large extent by sheep, oxen, and horses. Rob's mind was thus enabled to drink in the lessons taught by brook,

glen, mountain, clouds, and sky. The living facts which these taught him were grasped—his knowledge of animal and vegetable life grew from day to day. He was too natural to strain his mind to see in the mountain where his cattle grazed, where the deer roamed, a reflection of his own thoughts and feelings. He received what he *saw*, and did not pretend to receive what he had himself brought.

But if the rich and magnificent landscape over which as a boy, a lad, and a full-grown man, the bard roamed brought him into contact with many beautiful and interesting facts in God's creation, MacEachainn took care inside the house to teach his youthful charge in common with his own children principles of morals and religion which, as Job taught, cannot be found in the earth we inhabit, or in the depth of the sea. We owe the Tacksman of Mussel a grudge for not teaching his gifted herd the art of reading and writing, which, had he thought of it, would certainly have cost him little trouble. But let us remember to his credit that he put Rob Donn in possession of much of the history and doctrines of the sacred Scriptures. There were cottars' Saturday nights to be found in the land of Rob Donn as surely as in that of Burns. There was the big ha' Bible, but not in Gaelic, so the master of the household had to translate as well as read. That habit has still survived in the far north, and an admirable discipline it has been found to be. We have ourselves listened to a peasant translating to his neighbours assembled in solemn meeting works like those of Owen and others. There were mistakes, but happy, apt, and accurate translation was the rule. In this way MacEachainn communicated to the bard the best knowledge at his own command.

Plato insisted on the necessity of music to a complete education, and MacEachainn cultivated this delightful art in his household. He must have been an enthusiast in this respect, for Rob Donn laments in his Elegy that by his death musicians lost much of their respect, and more than that were gradually losing their skill for want of practice. The bard soon learned to sing, and could even weave simple native melodies of his own. These must have been pleasant evenings in MacEachainn's hall, now a new song, fresh as dew, from the poet, now an old one but ever young from other times, and anon a tale of superstition, or mythology. In those days it was not considered profane for the same lips to sing a song of Zion, and a song of home or country. By and bye earnest men began to think otherwise, and the shameful license in which the poets indulged did not make their action irrational who excluded them and their works from the pale of those who respected religion. But mischief followed this severe separation of the sacred and profane. Music became a lost art in the north Highlands, and is to a large extent in that state still among the peasantry. The old culture in song was forgotten, and the new has not yet been acquired. Rob Donn flourished at a time when ancient manners had not disappeared, and gained a good deal by that circumstance, and, it must be admitted, lost by it also, in more respects than one.

MacEachainn has also the honour of bringing another important element of education to bear on Rob Donn's mind. The poet accompanied his master to what was then, before steam had become the slave of man, the far away south. Thus, like Ulysses, he became in his own way acquainted

with many men and many cities, and so rose superior to many of the narrow prejudices which are apt to cling to those who stay at home at ease. These periodical journeys were keenly relished by bard and drover alike. MacEachainn's delight in his long rides in the saddle to the markets of the Lowlands, in bargaining there, and making friends, is reflected in a poem which Rob Donn puts into his mouth when age compelled him to remove his spurs and seek the chimney corner. In very good poetry, the enthusiastic veteran laments the misfortune of age, with its glance directed backwards to the excitement of markets, which for him will never return. He mourns over his loneliness, gives expression to his envy of those who are in the stir of drover life while he sits moodily under a melancholy bush. He makes desperate efforts to escape the inevitable by imagining himself to have the reins once again in his hand, to see the old faces, but especially the face of his friend of Bighouse mounted for the fair, and tries to make himself believe that his retirement is not real, but a dream! In these departed scenes, the absence of which was like the absence of the sun and the presence of darkness, the poet had his share, drank in their life and gladness, and responded with a poet's quickness to their influence for good or for evil.

Ere we part with MacEachainn it may be allowed us to say that he or his family figures in several happy efforts of the poet. "Brìogais Mhic-Ruairidh" will immediately come to mind. Nor will the poetic debate *versus* town and country, the old fashions and the new, natural simplicity and stylish manners, between MacEachainn's daughters, be forgotten. One of these had been to Thurso to school, and brought home with her airy ideas which made her sniff at everything pastoral, to look with disdain on home bred ways, as well as on her simple country neighbours. The other had evidently not been exposed to the temptations of the fashionable schools of Thurso, and so still had a heart to love the song of the lark, still retained her taste for the duties and pleasures of the milk-maid's life. Right vigorously does she maintain the delights and interests of her unsophisticated position, though we are sorry to say the last word is allowed to her who thinks peat-reek and all its belongings an abomination. We would fain believe that that the famous *piobaireachd* "Iseabail NicAoidh" was composed in honour of the sister who preferred the freshness of nature to the glitter and artificiality of city life.

The course of true friendship did not always run smoothly in the case of the bard and his patron. They sometimes infringed on each other, and hot, angry sparks glanced in the air, which soon were cold again. When death came, and MacEachainn's place was empty, the poet soothes his unaffected sorrow in a melody unusually sweet, tender, and instinct with poetic power. The practical, more worldly side of MacEachainn is commended. But there was an ideal, self-denying element, working effectively beneath that shrewd energy and business capacity. That separated him entirely from the cold, unsympathetic exactness which rigidly insists on its due, and scrupulously pays every debt except the debt it owes to God—the charity of a warm and magnanimous soul. Such righteousness, plumb when tested by the letter, but wretched work when tried by the spirit, the poet characterises in happy phrase as a bastard, maimed sort of honour. MacEachainn could calculate as well as the

men who could "sell eternity for threescore years," but he could feel, love, bless, which they could not; and so in glowing terms he is described as a helper to the distressed, as a counsellor to the perplexed, as a man who could not enjoy his bread if he knew another to be hungry, as one who preferred to lose a pound rather than have to carry an ounce of self-reproach on his spirit. With the poet we see, since MacEachainn has gone home, the needy gentleman with a deeper melancholy on his countenance; the widow with her tears flowing afresh, the orphan's rags becoming more ragged; the minstrel with his harp silent, and, as now no one cares for him, in danger of losing his cunning; men in his own profession starting into prominence like the stars when the sun has gone down. We are moved with all this, and are glad to have the poet's word that the story is true.

It remains now that we turn the attention of our readers to the judgment which Rob Donn passed in his poems on the preachers of his country and age. In every period the priest has occupied a prominent position in the productions of poetry, just because he has always held, and will continue to hold, a high place amid the multiform agencies which serve to mould our common humanity. Very frequently, too, the poet and the priest are at drawn daggers. Sometimes the poet hates the preacher, because he hates the ideas on which the office rests—because the sun is all he cares for, and so believes in nothing else. Sometimes his anger is kindled at the faithlessness of the minister of God to his high calling. Hence "The blind watchmen," "The dumb dogs" of Isaiah; hence the woe of another against shepherds who feed themselves and not the flock, who foul with their feet the pure waters of truth; hence the terrible indictment of Milton in his *Lycidas* :—

Blind monks, that scarce themselves know to hold
A sheep hook, or aught else the least have learned
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs.
What lists it them? What reek they? they are fed;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.
The hungry sheep look up and are not fed;
But swollen with mist and the rank wind they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread.

Rob Donn once and again bent his bow with lusty arm against the clergy of his time, and made his arrows quiver in their flesh. This he did not because he was at variance with the office which they held, or the doctrines which it represented, but because they were disloyal to its spiritual duties, and traitors to its spirit. He attacked ministers of the gospel, not as such, but as men who thought that gain was godliness, and who betrayed their thought by their actions. Mentally, Rob Donn was always in intelligent sympathy with the facts, and teaching, and hopes of the gospel. True, he saw the good, and sometimes debased his speech by words which should not be named, but let him that is without sin, tho' that is no apology for him, cast the first stone at him. In the highest, then, of all interests our poet spared not, as necessity arose, the feebleness, the time-serving, the indolence, of some of the religious leaders of his shire. For the same reason he held in reverence the men whose heart was in their work, who were ready to be offered up in the Master's service,

and when they were dead, he helped by his song to keep their memory fresh. In his "Oran na Cleire," he lashes the one as heartily as Professor Blackie himself would delight to do; in his *Elegies to the Rev. Messrs Munro and Macdonald*, he pays a tribute of warmest admiration to the character of the other.

The editors have not told us what gave occasion to the composition of this poem, which must have made the Presbytery too famous for their comfort. We gather, however, from the poem itself that a member of the Presbytery, who is named Mr George had fallen under the displeasure of his brethren who were bent on his condemnation. What was his fault or guilt we are not told, and possibly Mr George had something more to answer for than the sin which, according to the poet, kindled the ire of his Presbytery—namely, the sin of generosity, which the Presbytery hated! Anyhow, from this text Rob preached a sermon to the ministers such as they did not often hear, and which must have turned the laugh against them for some time. They are represented as offensive in their conduct, want as much religion and no more as shall serve their turn with decency, and keep them in the fashion. The worst introduction a man could have to them would be through religious earnestness, and although their good advice should not be rejected, notwithstanding that they despise it themselves, still one naturally cannot heartily sit down to food with which the cook himself is disgusted. Further, if their example will not bear examination, their teaching has not much to show for itself. It is presented as if they cared not whether it was taken or left. Their devotion is performed for glebe and stipend, like a child who, under threat of losing his breakfast, mumbles hurriedly a short grace. Survey them, and you shall find that like the pearl fisher's shells there are twenty empty for one which has a pearl. Then you may hear this Sabbath one of them preach that Christ is the only Saviour, then seven days after that nothing will save but good works. He soars high and creeps low, and, as he is neither bird nor mouse, becomes a disgusting bat. Their bitterness is rebuked by the affection shown even by the birds of the desert to their mates.

One stanza deserves a literal translation—"Converse with them, and you will find many of the *pack* who would make a merchant, or sailor, a drover or factor, an industrious farmer, a careful manager—admirable in everything except the profession they were bound to by their oath!" The last lines of the poem, too, call for remark. They tell us that the poet himself need want nothing, as he could get *morality* at Ruibigill; *reason* at Melness; *amusement* at Scourie; and greed in the very heart of the Presbytery. If the places here mentioned correspond with the parishes, we should be tempted to infer that he characterises here the peculiarities of their respective ministers. Moral maxims were the forte of one, the other was strong in logic, and the third was funny, perhaps witty. Possibly, however, he was furnished by lay friends with these pleasures, while the Presbytery had its treasure filled with covetousness, and which could be furnished him there in plenty. Evidently our bard had small veneration for a Geneva gown apart from the man who wore it. Clearly the minister who should secure his regard must be something more than a slave of soulless routine. And there were men in the very

Presbytery which he lashes whose worth he rejoiced in, and celebrated to the utmost of his power. Turn to Macdonald's Elegy, and you may see the sort of preacher our poet delighted to honour. Besides the elegy, Rob Donn composed a touching lament to the memory of his friend. It is full to the brim of genuine feeling. There is a very fair rendering of it in an interesting paper by Mr John Mackay,* Ben Reay, Montreal, though of necessity much of its tender melancholy has evaporated in the translation. The elegy is much more elaborate, more descriptive of its subject, and consequently is greatly suffused with the inward emotion of the author. There are lines in it of which neither Chaucer, Cowper, nor Goldsmith would be ashamed though, of course, the picture of the good parson is not so rich, varied, and finished here, as those produced by these masters. Rob Donn spoils the artistic unity of his piece by too many general reflections, but that which the critic may feel as a disturbing element was the delight of those serious and simple persons who first heard it sung. What strikes us, both in this elegy and in that to the Minister of Edderachillis, is the breadth of their sympathies. Earnest, laborious, faithful to the peculiar duties of their profession, they at the same time rejoiced in and appreciated human interests and human gifts which in common speech are relegated to a domain outside the boundaries of religion. Instead of drawing a hard and fast line, as a perverted asceticism tries to do, between the religious and the secular sphere, they endeavoured to make the spirit of religion pervade, elevate, and beautify natural gifts, amusements, and duties. To appreciate sacred poetry did not mean with them to ban all secular songs, and secular music. Thus our bard observes of Macdonald, that although his personal godliness was of the highest order, he valued every gift which adorned man, and was especially interested in poets and their productions. This famous minister was often the first ear to hear the newest poem from his poetic elder, and many a colloquy passed between them in the manse, in which bards old and new figured, and were weighed in critical balances. It may be worth noting here, how little direct influence the ancient poetry exercised on the best modern Gaelic bards. That they knew much of it is undoubted, that they scarcely ever refer to it is equally true. Homer lives transfigured in all the poetry which followed him among his race, but what visible connection have Rob Donn, Macintyre, with the past history or poetry of their people? This question, which we cannot answer, has been suggested by Rob Donn's testimony to the delight of his minister in Gaelic poetry.

This general culture made Macdonald welcome in the Society of all manner of men. He had the faculty of imparting pleasure to all whom he met, and of winning their regard at the same time. The poet carefully points out that by so doing he never lost sight of what was due to himself and his calling, as many ministers then did in social intercourse, and perhaps do so still. This man could play and trifle in his chit-chat to the delight of his friends, but the tendency of his speech at the lightest was to exalt—was to lead men to embrace piety in its present form. He had no fellowship with the asceticism of the cloister, but never allowed his

* Published in "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," vol. v., p. 93. [Ed. C. M.]

liberty to pass the borders of a severe morality. Religion tempered his culture, and culture gave lustre to his religion. Thus his bearing was frank, open, unrestrained to the man who had a cultivated reason (*saor ri fear rensouta*), but set his face as a flint against all who threw off the restraints of righteousness. As a consequence he was a true king of men in his own sphere, a power which at least frightened vice into the dark caves of the earth, and which encouraged, led, fostered the goodness he was himself the instrument of calling into activity. His death, we are told, was the signal for rebellion against God and morality to stalk abroad again, while it overcast the firmament of the good. Friends and foes twit our Scottish clergy with their Boeotian innocence of the profounder learning. The charge is too well founded, but it should include more than ministers. Where are the great books of our professors, our lawyers, doctors, and gentry? Many of these cannot plead the excuse which ministers for the most part may justly plead that they cannot gratify their love of learning at the expense of their immediate duties. Every generous mind, even though its present cares compel it to see the star of learning as a thing far off, must be grateful to men like Flint, Blackie, and others, who point out our weakness in this respect, not in malice, but in an honest desire to see our reproach wiped off. The end of their severity, to use an expression in the elegy before us, is love. We are sure that the men Rob Donn honoured would be delighted to see their own profession more richly furnished out of the past stores accumulated in the progress of humanity. Some Highland contemporaries of his might be named who could read Greek at least, and to whom Latin was familiar as their garter. The more shame to their successors if they have fallen and not ascended in this respect. But let not the champions of learning forget that there are men labouring in the Highlands who are "unlearned" by deliberate choice, who lay aside their Virgil, their Homer, their Plato, as Augustine did, feeling their fascination, and conscious of their use, and let them do justice to that aspect of the question. Great books are valuable, the men who produce them are to be honoured when they appear, and every means should be taken to prepare and till the peculiar soil in which they grow, but more valuable still are the triumphs of men who raise the fallen, who comfort the distressed, who bring hope to the mind which vice and misery have rendered wretched—who help to form a peasantry worthy of being their country's pride. Many Highland ministers without *much* learning, tho' not without a fair share of it, have won renown in this field. We have done by transcribing a description by Rob Donn of one of these:—

"Thou wast sober-minded, watchful, reverent, meditative, eloquent, and laborious. In thy sacred duties, not an hour was wasted in idleness. Thy days were spent in working earnestly for the welfare of men, without seeking worldly reward, or one step of advancement. At a time when the beautiful virtues are perishing for want of use, not wealth nor rank are to be envied; but men of thy ways, who pass through a life of bitterness, in severe conflict, to the heavens of perfection, there to enjoy a perpetual reward."

Long may we have men among us to whom these touching and powerful words may apply.

KINBRACE

THE CLAN MACNAUGHTON AND THEIR CHIEF.

—o—

WE are glad to see the growing interest in Celtic and Highland questions, the most recent illustration of which we find in the general meeting, on Thursday, the 8th March, of the Clan Macnaughton, in the hall of the Literary Institute, Edinburgh, for the purpose of electing a chief, vice-president, and bard, and for taking steps to elucidate their history and promote their social intercourse and general welfare ; also to form a Clan Macnaughton Association, the objects of which are intended to be anti-quarian, social, and charitable. Some forty or fifty ladies and gentlemen responded to the invitation sent out, many of whom had come considerable distances to be present. Mr Alex. Macnaughton, 39 York Place, having been called to the chair, Mr Daniel Macnaughton stated that there were between seventy and eighty letters of apology, some of them from people 80 and 90 years of age. He also read a letter from the Lyon Clerk-Depute, Mr R. R. Stodart, in regard to the chiefship of the clan, in which it was stated that there could be no doubt that Sir Francis Edmund Macnaughten, Bart. of Dundarave, county Antrim, was entitled to occupy the position. There was also submitted a report by a committee who had been appointed at a preliminary meeting to investigate this matter. The origin of the clan, it was stated, was involved in obscurity, but authorities admitted that it was very ancient, and that the misfortunes by which it was overtaken arose mainly for its unswerving loyalty to the causes it from time to time espoused. Some authors appear to come to the conclusion that the clan was Scoto-Irish, or belonged to the Dalriads of Argyllshire, who came from Ireland ; others held that it was Pictish or Caledonian. It would have been impossible, it was remarked, to have traced the chiefship back through the labyrinth of intricacy which surrounded the early history of the clan ; but fortunately there was an admirable stepping-stone more than half-way down the long period that had elapsed since the clan first came on the scene in connection with the early annals of Albyn. That stepping-stone was Gilchrist Macnaughton, who, in the year 1267, received from Alexander III. a patent granting to him and his heirs the Castle of Fraoch, in Loch Awe, and hence *Eilean Fraoch* was long the war cry of the clan. In his day, Gilchrist Macnaughton was chief, and that being the opinion also of the Lyon Clerk-Depute, the committee did not consider it necessary to go further back. Among Gilchrist's descendants were Duncan Macnaughton, who in 1330 embarked for the Holy Land with the heart of Robert the Bruce ; Sir Alexander Macnaughton, who in 1513 accompanied King James to the fatal field of Flodden, where he was slain ; John Macnaughton, who joined Viscount Dundee with a body of the clan, and greatly contributed to the victory at Killiecrankie. This John left two sons, who died without issue, and the representation of the clan fell to the descendants of John, the third and youngest son of Alexander Macnaughton, who fell at Flodden. This John, who was known as "Shane Dhu," had settled in county Antrim ; and the lineal descendant of that branch of the family at the present day was Sir Francis Edmund Macnaughten, Bart., whom the committee had no hesitation in saying was the

hereditary chief of the clan. In that opinion, as already stated, the Lyon Clerk-Depute coincided. The thanks of the committee were recorded in the report to Mr R. R. Stodart, of the Lyon Office, for his courtesy in making these inquiries. The Chairman having made a few remarks, the nomination of the Chief of the Clan was made by Mr Macnaughton, banker, Callander, in these terms :—

The meeting having considered the report of the committee and other information laid before it, finds that the Chief of the Clan Macnaughton is Sir Francis Edmund Macnaughten of Dundarave, Bushmills, Ireland—a lineal descendant of the ancient line of chiefs of the clan, and otherwise qualified to occupy the position of chief, and the meeting confirms him in that position accordingly.

This was seconded by Mr Duncan G. Macnaughton, Stirling, and was unanimously agreed to. The nomination as vice-president of Mr Alex. Macnaughton, 39 York Place, Edinburgh, who was the originator of the present movement, was also cordially accepted. It was resolved to defer the appointment of a bard for the clan until the next meeting in 1879. On the motion of Mr D. Macnaughton, Stonefield, Blantyre, it was unanimously resolved "That an Association be formed to be called 'The Clan Macnaughton Association.'"

LITERARY FAME !—A paragraph under this heading appeared in our last issue, in which it was stated, on the authority of a biography of the late Mr Macphun, publisher, Glasgow, which appeared in the *Glasgow Highland Echo* of 22d September 1877, and which has never been contradicted, that "Macleod & Dewar's Dictionary was entirely compiled by the Macfarlanes (father and son) ; and the late Mr Macphun, for whom the work was got up, to secure the Dictionary a literary status and rapid sale, offered 'Tormod Og' and Dr Dewar £100 each for the mere use of their names on the title-page ;" that they "accepted the bribe, and robbed the Macfarlanes of their well-merited reputation." We are now informed, on the best authority—"Tormod Og's" eldest son, John N. Macleod, Kirkcaldy—that the paragraph, in so far as it refers to his famous father, has no foundation in fact. Mr Macleod writes :—"Without any disparagement to the late Principal Dewar, I know as a fact, and can testify along with others thereto, that nearly the entire burden and labour of compiling the Dictionary fell on Dr Macleod ; that it was compiled in the Manse of Campsie, where, also, the late respected Mr P. Macfarlane took up his abode and residence, as his amanuensis and corrector for the press." We have no hesitation in accepting this statement as the actual facts of the case, and we much regret having published the objectionable statement, founded on the false information supplied by the *Echo*, which, however, until it was reproduced by us, has never been contradicted by those interested. Though sorry for having published what we are now informed, on such good authority, is contrary to the facts, we are glad to be placed in a position to clear, as far as we can, the fair fame of "Tormod Og" from the charges unfortunately taken over by us from the *Highland Echo*. The words "bribe" and "robbed" were, of course, only used in a literary sense.

Literature.

DUILLEAGAIN A LEABHAR CUNNTAS AR BEATHA ANNS A GHADH-ALLTACHD BHO 1848 gu 1861. *Agus Aithris air Turusain Roinne do dh'Albainn, a dh'Eirionn, agus do dh'Eileanain a Chaolaiz, Eadartheangaichte le Ughdaras a Morachd leis an NAOMHAIR I. P. ST. CLAIR, Ministear Eaglais Naomh Stephan am Peairt.* Edinburgh: EDMONSTON & COMPANY.

THE above imposing title, we may inform the reader, is Mr St Clair's equivalent for "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands, &c.," more widely known as the Queen's Book. We commence this notice with very mingled feelings, and delayed doing it so long to allow them to get back into their normal condition after the shock produced by the first perusal of this so-called translation. We also felt that it might be well to let the rev. gentleman dispose of as many copies as possible before we expressed our opinion on the wretched manner in which he has executed his self-imposed task. This was hardly just to those of our readers who place confidence in our views; but they must forgive us for having been favourably pre-disposed towards what we hoped would have been a fair representation of the original, and for sympathising not a little with Mr St Clair in what we considered to have been, with him, a labour of love. The work is so execrably done that we cannot account for it on any other hypothesis than the absolute incapacity of the rev. gentleman to complete the task he in an evil hour imposed upon himself. Apart from all consideration of the literary merit and success of the work, the want of ordinary commercial forethought exhibited by the imbecile proceeding of translating Her Majesty's Book into the provincial dialect of Perthshire is amazing—a dialect, as represented in this work, which is infinitely more difficult for an ordinary Gaelic reader to understand than that of Ireland. It is just as unwise a proceeding to translate in such a wretched jargon as if an English writer wrote a popular book in the dialect of the Lancashire or Somersetshire hind. We are well acquainted with all the different dialects in the Highlands except that of Perthshire as given in this work. We know several Perthshire Highlanders *out of the county* who can speak and read intelligible Gaelic, but we have not met with any who can read and understand the hotch-potch presented as the Gaelic of Perthshire in this so-called translation of "Leaves from our Journal in the Highlands," by the Rev. Mr St Clair. We submit the following conundrum to our Gaelic readers. If any of them can make sense of it, or translate it back into intelligible English, without the aid of the original, it is more than we, or any Gaelic scholar with whom we are acquainted, have been able to do. Here it is, from page ix. of the preface:—

Chan eil gin do am mùmha dùrachd na do'n Bhànrighinn, nach bitheadh sgarachd-sinn cas sam bith eadar an àon bhuidheann agus a bhuidheann eile, ach a mhàin gum bitheadh measadh càoin measg cheile ann bhitheadh air thoirt muu cuairt troimh lù chòmhadh bhuanachdain àtorrach, troimh malairt dhian a dheàg òidhichean, agus troimh urram càirdeil bhith air fhaireachdain agus air fhòillseachadh leis gach buidheann do'a uile bhràthrean anns a bhràthreachas mhór a tha deanamh nàid cinneach.

This is simply barbarous. Contrast it with its simple and graceful original:—

Nor does any one wish more ardently than Her Majesty, that there should be no abrupt severance of class from class, but rather a gradual blending together of all classes—caused by a full community of interests, a constant interchange of good offices, and a kindly respect felt and expressed by each class to all its brethren in the great brotherhood that forms a nation.

The preface, Mr St Clair informs us, was translated after he had arrived at perfection—after compiling “A Short Analysis or Grammar of Gaelic.” We have no hesitation in admitting that we prefer the rev. gentleman in his imperfect state, corrupt even as he is.

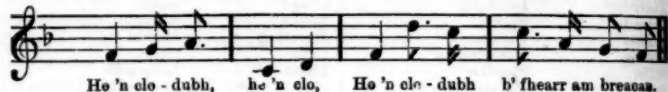
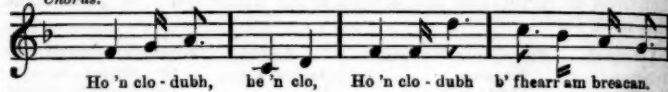
In his preface the translator informs us that the dialect which he adopts is allowed to be spoken “very purely and uncorrupted with foreign elements.” Let us see. The following are a few specimens out of hundreds of corruptions and foreign terms which could be given from this work:—

| English. | Translator's Corruptions. | English. | Translator's Corruptions. |
|--------------------|---------------------------|----------|---------------------------|
| Printing | Praentig | Arches | Boghaichean—bones |
| Samples | Sampullain | Inn | Tigh Sheinnse—change |
| Enter | Inntbhirig | Guard | Geard |
| Spread | Spried | Ranks | Raagain |
| Dinner | Dinnear | Marching | Marsul |
| Rooms | Rumaichean | Gate | Geata |
| Stair | Staidhir | Lined | Linigoadh |
| Palace | Pailios | Hall | Tranns-Rum |
| Chapel | Seapal | Railings | Reithlichean |
| Storey | Storaidh | Sport | Sport |
| Packed | Pachdte | Times | Thaneais |
| Platform | Lobhta—Loft | Time | Tim |
| Hospital | Spideal | Spot | Spot |
| Planks | Plangain | Railroad | Rathad-reithill |
| Cross | Croag | Trowel | Truan |
| Pair | Paidhir | Mortar | Murtal |
| Ponies | Ponnaidhean | Green | Grin |
| Parts of the Park | Pairtean de'n Phaire | Baskets | Bascaiden |
| Ministers of State | Ministearain na Staid | Luggage | Bageis—baggage |
| Officers of State | Oidhichearain na Staid | Solemn | Solaimte |
| Forth | Ford | Simple | Simplidh |
| On Board | Air Bord | | |

These specimens of *foreign corruptions* from a few pages of the book could be multiplied *ad libitum*. Every page actually bristles with such; and this is the pure (!) dialect which we are to accept as our Gaelic standard in the future! Besides, we have innumerable instances of mistranslations, which entirely alter the sense of the original, in addition to a total disregard, or rather an entire contravention of the genius and mode of expression peculiar to the language. To point out all the errors and examples of bad taste throughout the book would take a volume at least equal in size to the work itself. And this is the writer who takes upon himself to teach others, and lay down rules for writing and spelling the language—a language, if we may judge by the work before us, of which he has himself yet to study the rudiments. We regret to have to write thus of any work of a Celtic character, and especially so of Her Majesty's Book on the Highlands; but our duty to the language and posterity compels us to speak out.

There are some fifty excellent engravings in the book, which appeared in the original English edition. The publishers and the printers have done their part in a manner which does them great credit—far exceeding what the contents of the book deserve.

HO 'N CLO-DUBH B'FHEARR AM BREACAN.

With Spirit.*Chorus.*

KEY F.

| s ., s : s, l.- | d : m., f | s : m., s | d'., t : l. s
 | s ., f : m. r | d : m., d | l, : l, ., s, | m., d : r. d |
Chorus.
 | d : r, m.- | s, : l, | d : d, l.- | s., f : m. r.-
 | d : r, m.- | s, : l, | d : l., s | s., m : r. d |

Mo laochan fein an t-eideadh
 A dh-fheumadh an orios d' a ghlasadh,
 Cuaisceanach an fheilidh,
 Deis eiridh gu dol air astar.

Fheilidh chruinn nan cuachan,
 Gur buadbach an t-earradh gaisgeich ;
 Shiubhlain leat na fuarain, [thu.
 Feadh fhuar-bheann ; 's bu ghasd' air faich

Fior chulaidh an t-saighdear,
 'S neo-ghloiceil ri uchd na caismenachd ;
 'S ciatach 's an adbhanns thu,
 Fo shrantraich nam piob 's nam bratach.

Cha mbios anns an dol sìos thu,
 'Nuair sgrìobar a duille claiseach ;
 Fior earradh na ruaise,
 Gu luath a chuir anns na cèisn !

'N am coilich a bhi durdan,
 Air stucan am madainn dhealta,
 Bu ghasda t-fheum 's a chuis sin,
 Seach mutan de thrustar cossag.

Air t-uachdar gur a sgiamhach
 A laidheadh sgiath air a breacadh ;
 'S claidheamh air chrìos ciatach
 Air fhlairadh os-cèann do phlèntan.

Bu mhath anns an oidhech' thu—
 Mo loinn thu mar aodach-leapa ;
 B' fhearr leam na 'm brat lin thu,
 Is prìseile thig a Glascho.

Bu mhath a la 'sa dhoidhech' thu ;
 Bha loinn ort am beinn 's an cladach,
 Bu mhath am feachd 's an sìth thu ;
 Cha rìgh e am fear chuir as dut.

Shaoil leis gun do mhaelach, so
 Faobhar nan Gael tapaidh,
 Ach 's ann a chuir e geur orr',
 Ni 's beurra na deud na h-ealtainn.

'S i 'n fhuil bha 'n cuil' ar sìansridh,
 'S an innsinn a bha n' an aigne,
 A' dh'fhagadh dhùina' mar dhileab,
 Bhi righeil—O ! sin ar paidir !

NOTE.—The above, which is one of the most popular songs in the Highlands, is the composition of *Mac Mhaighstir Alastair*. Various versions of the music have appeared in different publications, but the above is the one usually sung in the north-west Highlands, and is given without any of the superfluous emendations with which it is sometimes accompanied. The words of the song appear in numerous collections of Gaelic Poetry, but only a few verses are here given.—W. M'K.